

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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July 7, 1943



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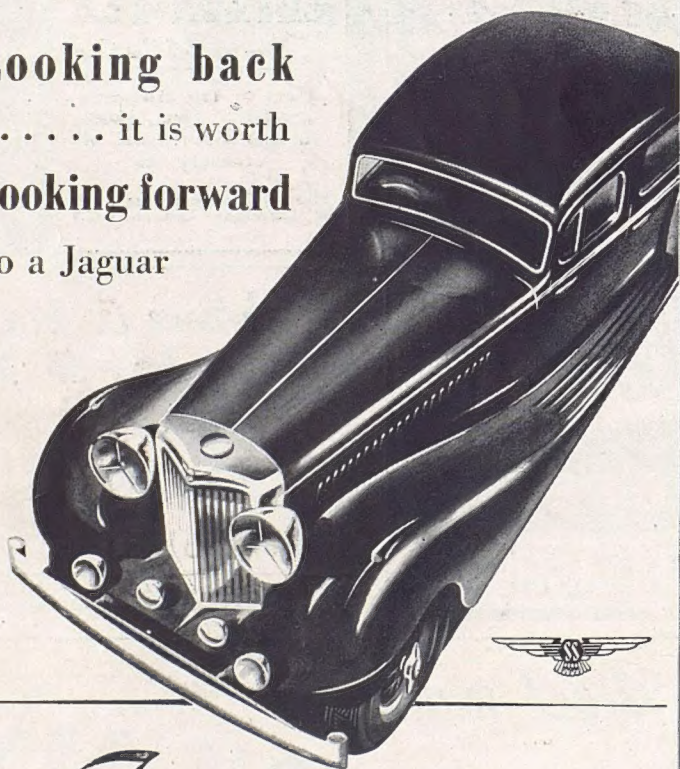


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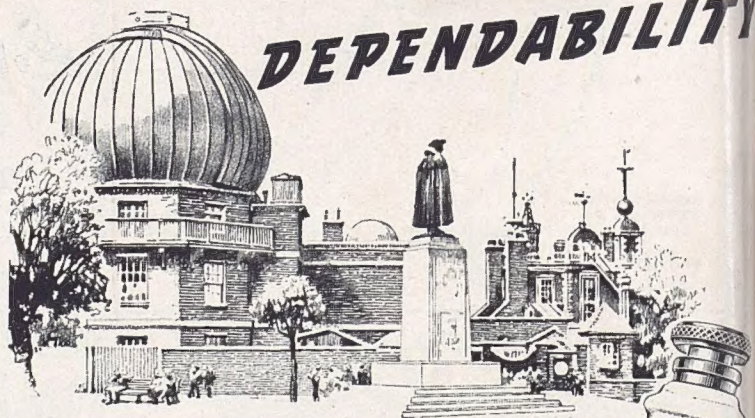
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# THE TATLER

LONDON

JULY 7, 1943

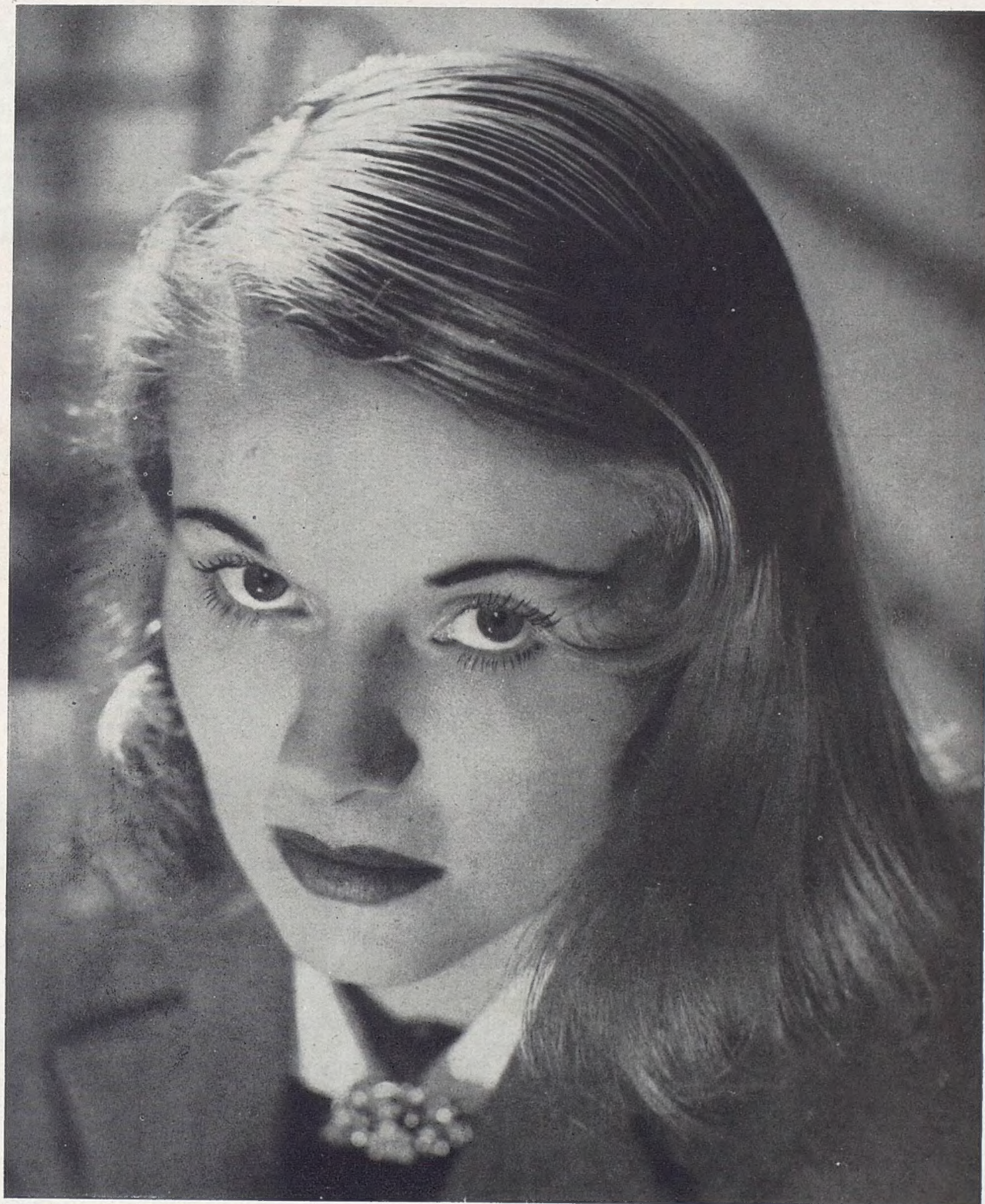
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John Vickers

## To Star in a Thriller: Ann Todd

Ann Todd will play her original rôle in *Lottie Dundass*, the murder-in-the-theatre thriller, by Enid Bagnold, which opens at the Vaudeville Theatre on July 21. She created the part when the play was presented at the Théâtre Royal, Brighton, last October. By way of contrast, this versatile young actress played Peter Pan last Christmas. Born in Cheshire and educated at Eastbourne, Ann Todd made her stage debut as a Faery Child in *The Land of Heart's Desire* at the Arts Theatre in 1928, and had her first public part in *A Damsel in Distress* at the New Theatre. Besides her stage work, she has appeared in several films, including *Ships With Wings*, a picture of the Fleet Air Arm





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Expectancy

WHETHER facts can penetrate, and faith in ultimate freedom has survived, there is expectancy. It is in the very air. There is an atmosphere of renewed urgency and fresh confidence. It is, perhaps, a natural sequence to these last few weeks of comparative calm which has kept us, as well as the enemy, guessing. Now that the lull is ending there is growing the anticipation that the Allies will go on and on until in the short space of an ever-quickenning tempo Hitler will finally, and suddenly, be defeated. Such is optimism. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, who had a reputation for the utmost caution when he was a Cabinet Minister in London, has been trying to correct this swift and hopeful perspective. He has warned the people of Canada that the immediate assaults on Axis territory will be several and varied, and not the final and comprehensive attack on Hitler's fortress.

## Speculation

WHETHER the Germans cry "Kamerad" before this final assault occurs depends largely on the personality of Hitler. His hero is Frederick the Great, and undoubtedly he would like to emulate his ultimate success in waging a series of losing battles. I feel sure that Hitler will want to hang on and fight with every available weapon until the very last moment, dramatising himself and the struggle of the German people in Wagnerian style. But there are other forces in Germany which are powerful in times of crisis. They may want to avert the final assault which might conceivably bring Allied forces into Berlin. These

forces got rid of the Kaiser. Will they be able to get rid of Hitler?

## Conviction

THE German leaders know that defeat is overtaking them. Months ago Dr. Paul Schmidt, Hitler's personal interpreter, admitted that if the Germans failed to hold Stalingrad and Rommel was forced back, the war would be lost for them. Much more has happened than even Schmidt bargained for. The German armies have been routed in Africa, Hitler has been unable to launch a summer offensive against Russia, and the U-boat campaign has been halted by Allied defence methods. But the German people cannot appreciate the meaning of all this as their leaders must. Yet leaders and people retain faith in what they believe are the mystic powers of Hitler. Dr. Schmidt used to be a well-fed, self-satisfied official in Hitler's entourage. He was more friendly and less overbearing than most others in that circus. He owed his position to the fact that he could speak several languages, and also to his blind faith in Hitler's powers. In those days he was always at Hitler's right hand, and therefore knew something of the workings of that strange mind. Schmidt believed that Hitler was a genius—a wonderful man, something more than a man!

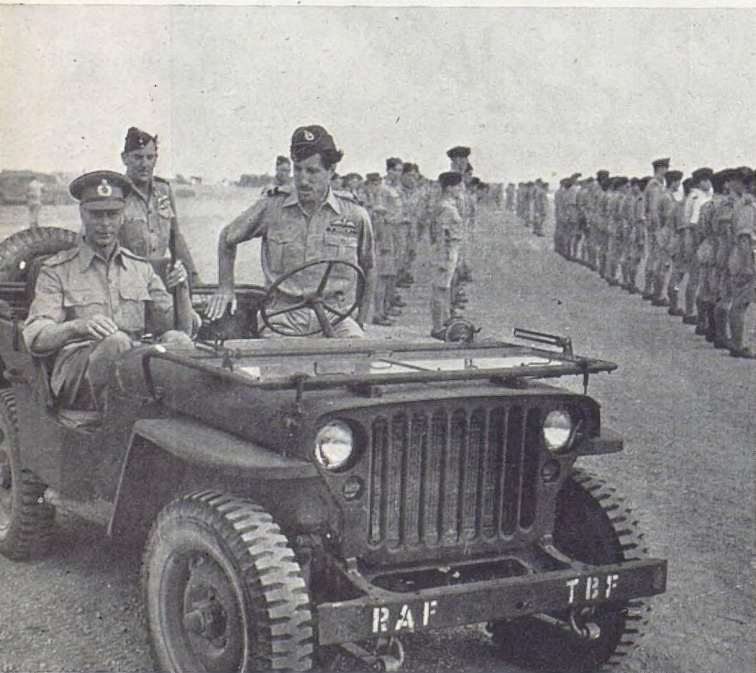
## Admission

LIKE all Germans, Schmidt believes that when the tide of war begins to turn the next best thing to do is to "fight for an honourable peace." This is in keeping with Frederick the

Great's ideals. Until he got tired of war, it was his policy to make peace in order to make another war. Where honour comes into this conception of civilised life it is difficult to see. But clearly this is the German idea of the war-game. There must be no punishment of those who have caused so much suffering, for they are above ordinary mortals. If I read the temper of the people of this country aright, not to mention those of Soviet Russia and of the United States, we are nearer ending that theory than at any other time. If only to justify the horrible consequences of total war, which involves civilians as much as soldiers, Hitler and his gang must be punished. They must be made to expiate their crimes. Hitler was the first to threaten undefended peoples with the power of the bomb before this war started; and the first to use the bomb against undefended cities like Rotterdam and Warsaw. Genius cannot account for this, only criminal intent.

## Reparation

THE scale of the latest air attack on Cologne, and the fact that troops had to be summoned to fight the fires, is a justification of all that Air Marshal Harris promised would happen as the air war increased in intensity. It is also the penalty that Hitler has called on German people. He threatened to terrify all the people of Europe into submission by the air weapon; instead his own people are being terrified. German High Command promises of increased and improved defences in Western Germany have been proved empty propaganda boasts. There is no defence against the growing power of Allied air strength. Soon we shall have complete air superiority over Europe, for with the growth of Allied bombing strength more than one formation can be dispatched to various parts of Germany, thus diverting and dividing what fighter strength Hitler possesses. He cannot hope to build up new fighter strength, for his factories are being knocked out of action. Only a sudden and totally unforeseen scientific development can keep Allied air forces out of the skies, and away from Germany. There is no sign of this yet.



*The King Rides in a Jeep*

During his recent visit to North Africa, the King used an R.A.F. jeep to get about in. At the wheel of this one is Air Commodore Sinclair, and immediately behind His Majesty is Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham, A.O.C. the Tactical Air Force



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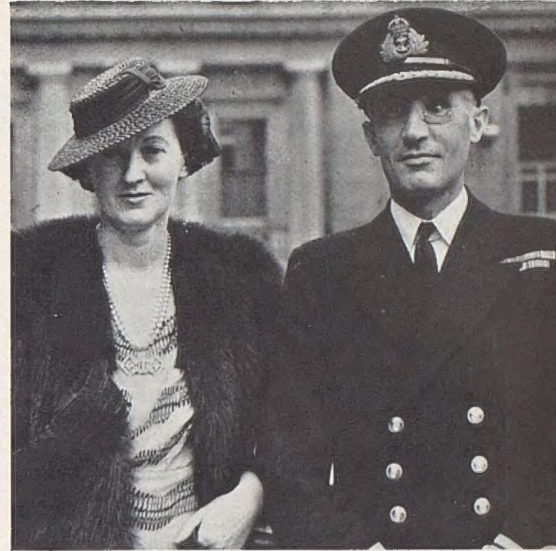




Lady James was accompanied by her husband, Admiral Sir William James, when she received the O.B.E. at the Palace. The Admiral formerly C-in-C. Portsmouth, was recently appointed Chief of Naval Information at the Admiralty



Mrs. Talbot went with her husband, Lt.-Cdr. Fitzroy Talbot, R.N., to the investiture, when he was awarded the D.S.O. They are seen leaving the Palace together



Capt. Robert St. V. Sherbrooke, of H.M.S. Onslow, awarded the V.C. for great gallantry while defending a Russia-bound convoy, went to the Palace with his wife. He lost an eye as a result of the action

### Some People Who Received Awards at a Recent Investiture

#### Organisation

MAJOR-GENERAL IRA C. EAKER, who lives and works in the closest co-operation with Air Marshal Harris, is reorganising America's Eighth Army Air Force. This has become necessary because of swift increase in the size and experience of his command. American bombers are reaching this country for use by the Eighth Army Force in remarkable numbers; and soon the first line strength may equal that of Britain. Such deadly power must sooner or later overwhelm all opposition, backed as it is by control of the seas, and ever-increasing power on the land.

#### Exhibitions

IN the United States there is widespread interest in all aspects of the bombing of Germany. Photographs are eagerly studied, and the British Embassy have received numerous requests to arrange exhibitions. Before he returned to London Air Commodore H. M. ("Bill") Thornton organised two of these exhibitions, one in Washington and the other in New York, and arranged for others to be held in Chicago and Los Angeles. Air Commodore Thornton has just completed two years as Air Attaché in Washington. Previously he was Air Attaché in Stockholm, and his post in Washington was the nineteenth mission he had served in. In its early days, Air Commodore Thornton was adjutant and instructor to 601 County of London Auxiliary Squadron which fought so magnificently in the Battle of Britain.

#### Visiting

ONE of the most colourful of Americans is now visiting London for consultations with the British Government, and contact with the various missions his Government have established here. He is Colonel Bill Donovan, head of the Office of Strategic Services in Washington. In peace time Colonel Donovan is a lawyer, but as he has been involved in every war since he came of age he has not been able to keep out of this one. As personal envoy of President Roosevelt he toured the Balkans in 1941 trying to consolidate Allied friendships there. For Colonel Donovan was convinced that Hitler's weakest spot was in the Balkans, and there was the one place the Allies could establish an effective front. This, of course, was before the United States entered the war.

#### Oration

IN his speech acknowledging the Freedom of the City of London, Mr. Churchill once more balanced his faith in victory with fact and hope. It was another great oration which showed the confidence of the man who has brought us from the depths of peril to the high peaks from which we can view with reasonable safety the prospects of the future. No Prime Minister in modern times stood so high in public estimation as does Mr. Churchill at this moment. Whatever further success or honour crowns his remarkable career, his name is now indelibly enshrined in the hearts of all the people of this country. In the world at large he stands for revival of the greatness of Great Britain, the courage and the staunchness of the people of all classes, and for the faith and fearlessness of all men who would be free.

#### Warning

GENERAL DITTMAR is supposed to be the radio spokesman of the German High Command. In fact he is nothing more than one of Hitler's puppets who dances to the tune the master orders. I have never been unduly impressed by any of Dittmar's supposedly frank comments. But his latest attempt to fasten the United States down as the real foe of the world is interesting. In my opinion it is nothing more than an attempt to make us believe in this country—not the Germans, for they believe England is their only foe—that we have something to fear from a strong America. In other words, it is Hitler's idea of seeking an "honourable peace" with Great Britain at the expense of America. And they say that Hitler is a genius at propaganda!



### The Prime Minister's Granddaughter is Christened

Mr. Winston Churchill was present at the christening of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Sandys' baby daughter, at St. Barnabas Church, Pimlico. Mrs. Sandys is the Prime Minister's eldest daughter, and her husband is M.P. for Lambeth and Parliamentary Secretary at the Ministry of Supply. With them are their son and elder daughter



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

A Brilliant Suggestion

By James Agate

IF the film were really the intellectual thing our highbrow critics make it out to be, it would take its courage in both hands and tackle, say, Ibsen's *Master Builder* which has just been revived at the Westminster Theatre. Since Ibsen's later plays have this in common with the counties of Scotland and German irregular verbs—that one cannot carry them in one's head all the time, it is possible that filmgoers have not got Ibsen's story at their finger tips. What, then, is Ibsen's masterpiece all about? Not presume to dictate, as Mr. Jingle said; even guessing is hazardous. Roughly I take this play to be about an old man and a young woman. Now what sort of old man and young woman? Well, Halvard Solness is not very old—fifty perhaps—but he is exhausted in body and mind, a miserable combination of coward, sensualist, idealist and ferocious egoist. Realising that he can fulfil his architectural mission by pulling down the family mansion and building something better he does not dare to do this because his wife likes the old place. He prays to the Fates to arrange a fire. They oblige, his two little boys lose their lives and he makes his fortune. And then what? The Fates turn into Furies. Solness builds churches; but over his shoulder stares that face from which he dare not run away, the gloom-stricken visage of the children's mother. To bolster up his architectural skill he gathers young assistants round him and absorbs their brain. Solness is that unhappy thing, a sensualist with qualms. Also he has a bad memory.

HE forgets having touselled and mouselled a little girl called Hilda, the stepdaughter of Ellida Wangel. Alas, Solness has never seen Ibsen's *Lady from the Sea*, or he would know better than to take risks with any of the serpentine brood. For sea-serpents, like elephants, never forget. And here comes Hilda to demand that Solness shall fulfil that promise he made her in a drunken frolic ten years ago—the promise to build her a kingdom and install her in it as his Princess. Which, of course, is Ibsen's cold and clammy way of making her suggest the equivalent of what little French ballet dancers of the period called putting a girl “in her furniture.” Anyhow Hilda makes it obvious that she has come to stay, whether Mrs. Solness likes it or not. She is probably the most irritating young woman in Ibsen's gallery—a bouncing, vigorous, self-opinioned harpy as much over-vitalised as Hedda Gabler was undervitalised, cursed with the same insane notion of running some man's life for her own excitement and glory. Solness has just completed a house with a magnificent tower plus weathercock, and nothing will suit Hilda but that he shall climb to the top of it and hang a wreath round the vane. Solness has never had any head for heights. He protests that the feat is impossible at his age. So they bargain. He will do it if Hilda will give herself to him. She agrees. He climbs the steeple and everybody in the horror-struck crowd is adjured to keep quiet. But Hilda isn't going to be deprived of her triumph. She yodels and jubilates and waves

a white shawl to attract his attention. And he falls and is killed instantaneously. And Hilda, realising that she won't have to keep her part of the bargain—Mr. Shaw has pointed out that she cares as much for Solness as a Cornish fisherman cares for a conger eel—shrieks with wild intensity that she is hearing harps in the air.

Now, Mr. Orson Welles, where are you? Alternatively, Messrs. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where are you? In Judy Garland you have the ideal Hilda. (That she can't act very much doesn't matter. No film actress can act very much; this is where the camera-man comes in.) Fay Bainter, who in a recent film of yours was playing the harp, can now do it off-stage for Hilda's edification. She can also play Mrs. Solness. For Halvard you must have any number of sensual-looking middle-aged actors under contract. And, of course, there is always Adolphe Menjou! Or if you won't do the play, give us a burlesque of it. There was a time when the London theatres had an eye to nonsense of this kind, and I cannot imagine anything much better than a potted version of *The Master Builder* by the company at the Ambassadors with Walter Crisham as Solness and Hermione Gingold as Hilda. We have news-reels of events photographed up to the minute. Why not burlesques up to the minute as well?

IN any case, can't you, my very dear good friends, find something a little less hackneyed than the deplorable subject-matter of *Presenting Lily Mars* (Empire)? Lily (Judy Garland), a little girl tucked away in Indiana, wants to go on the stage, and after a good deal of quite entertaining gate-crashing succeeds in gaining an entrance to the New York theatre where John Thornway (Van Heflin) is rehearsing his new musical play. She faints from hunger, whereupon John takes her to lunch, gives her the part of a chambermaid running to a dozen words or so, and of course falls in love with her. But John is somehow mixed up with his leading lady, Isobel Rekey (Marta Eggerth) who is naturally furious when she discovers that John is taking Lily out to supper as well as lunch. And, moreover, encourages the child to give an imitation of Isobel in her new song which New York is not supposed to have heard. Isobel walks out of the show and Lily walks in. And then, after a week's rehearsal, John is convinced that she won't do.

WHAT utter nonsense! Of course she would do. She knows nothing whatever about singing or acting, and we know from experience that such a combination of negations is irresistible. Modern taste being what it is, Lily Mars from Indiana will always be preferred to Isobel Rekey from the Paris Conservatoire. But in the film Lily is a flop, and Isobel is brought in again, and Lily resumes her part of a dozen words. She appears as a Russian chambermaid wearing what looks like a tiara, puts the candle on the table, and says to the newly-weds: “Good night. Sleep well. And may all your dreams be bee-yew-ti-ful.” John is so enraptured with her acting and elocution that he tells her she is better than Bernhardt. (Why he doesn't tell her that she is better than Mdlle. Mars, her predecessor in name and in the same line of business, I cannot conjecture.) Anyhow, John rushes up another musical play and stars Lily who becomes the rage of Broadway overnight, thus showing how wrong John's earlier decision had been.



The Late Leslie Howard in Madrid

Above is one of the last pictures to be taken of Leslie Howard, the famous British actor, presumed to have lost his life while returning in an air liner from Lisbon. He is seen with film-star Conchita Montenegro, during his lecture tour of Spain and Portugal, made for the British Council

I CAN'T count the number of times I have seen this fairy-tale. The fact remains that the present example is extremely well put on and brilliantly danced and even acted by every one concerned. It will be, I predict, a colossal success.





### Rommel at His Headquarters

When three British officers are brought in, Rommel regales them with lectures on military strategy and supplies. The waiter listens in and discovers the secret of the Five Graves

Right: The French girl, Mouche (Anne Baxter), works at the hotel at Sidi Barrani occupied by Rommel. She falls for the British tank corporal but tolerates the Nazi lieutenant to free her brother from a German prison



### Death of a Nazi

Franchot Tone as Corporal Bramble, disguised as a clubfoot waiter, disposes of Rommel's aide (Peter van Eyck)



Breakfast in Bed: Peter van Eyck, Anne Baxter, Eric von Stroheim

## Rommel on the Screen

Eric von Stroheim as the Afrika Korps Field Marshal in "Five Graves to Cairo"

*Five Graves to Cairo* (Plaza) brings Rommel to the screen and Eric von Stroheim back to Hollywood after three pre-war years in French films in France and two years on Broadway and on tour in *Arsenic and Old Lace*. His make-up is accurate, from medal ribbons to candid camera. Franchot Tone, as a British corporal, impersonating a dead waiter and Nazi agent, wears a clubfoot weighing five pounds. Anne Baxter keeps her French accent of *The Pied Piper*. The story is a tall one, even among desert romances. The eavesdropping corporal saves Cairo but loses the girl, who shares the fate now fashionable for patriotic heroines. By killing Rommel's aide to preserve his disguise he has upset Mouche's plans for her brother's rescue. "It is not one brother that matters, but a million brothers." That settles it. She tells Rommel that it was she who killed his A.D.C. This leaves the corporal free to go to Cairo as a Nazi agent and warn the British Intelligence that the Five Graves are munition dumps prepared before the war by Rommel himself in the guise of an archaeologist!



The Fake Waiter, the French Girl and the Fly Whisk



# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## The Lisbon Story (Hippodrome)

**L**IBRETTISTS who seek to break away from hampering convention in their writing of books for musical plays need all the encouragement they can get. They are a kind of perpetual pioneers, faced with pitfalls and problems that might well daunt genius itself. Few are as fortunate—or for that matter as successful—as Da Ponte, who adapted the story of *Figaro* for Mozart. For he had first-rate material to work on, and genius to collaborate with. The famous comedy of Beaumarchais, which provided his raw material, had already been broken in to the stage, and was to that extent footlight-proof.

Mr. Harold Purcell, who provided the book and lyrics for *The Lisbon Story*, deserved an easier success than he achieves. The stuff of romance is in him, and he does not boggle at a rhyme. The difficulty is that his story does not readily come to terms with the conventions of a musical play. He brings too much literary grist to the musical mill; and the result is a narrative choking that confuses the issue and disconcerts the collaborative arts of music and dancing.

The story, too, is on the serious, not to say melodramatic side. It deals with the romantic love and heroic patriotism of a French actress, exiled in Lisbon through the German conquest of France, who sacrifices herself in a bold attempt to outwit the Gestapo. It opens with



Nazis in Paris. Albert Lieven as the suave Culture Chief from Berlin: Reginald Long as his assistant (with acknowledgments to Dr. Goebbels)

an anonymous murder, just like any honest-to-badness thriller; it closes with the assassination of the heroine herself. Such tragic ingredients, in any but grand opera, are unusual.

Gabrielle Girard, a queen of *opera bouffe* in pre-war Paris, is loved by an elusive English diplomat. An all-powerful German, whose status in the department of propaganda is apparently only just sub-Goebbels, aspires to her. He is the cold pitiless Prussian of tradition; and he seeks to lure Gabrielle back to the footlights she has fled, in order to gild the rigours



The patriotic French actress and her old flame, the English diplomat: Patricia Burke and Jack Livesey

of occupation for the sad Parisians, and gain their goodwill. For reasons of her own—good, heroic reasons, but risky—she consents to go.

She makes this decision impulsively at the quayside festa in Lisbon, which her charity has patronised, and two of her friends, professional dancers, have graced. Then come the hazards of the frontier, with Gestapo escort and surveillance, and resettlement in Paris. And any doubts as to the deep-dyed villainy of her German would-be protector are dispelled in the little scene in her studio, where he snaps at and misses his expected carnal reward.

We see the play—that is to give her art-starved compatriots a glimpse of the nights that were—both in rehearsal and performance. The French-recruited company is at loquacious loggerheads with their German director, and humour looks in. But tragedy does not lag behind. Having accomplished her own secret plan—the release of a world-famous scientist from a concentration camp—Gabrielle blows the gaff. We are taken behind the scenes, and

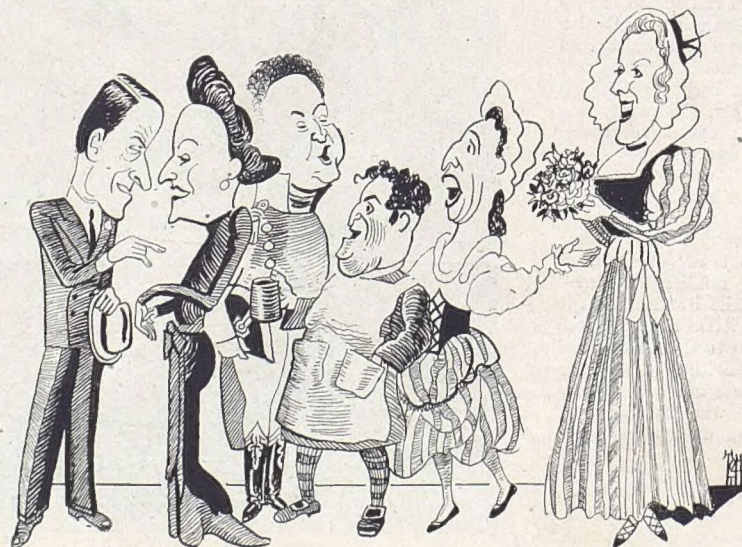
overhear her rash first-night apologia to the audience for her seeming collusion with the enemy, and are shocked by its tragic termination by a pistol shot fired by the ruthless German. Gabrielle is carried back through the tabs to die. This gives both the play proper and the play within the play a startling dénouement. The curtain descends, with Gabrielle's mulatto maid keening a negro lament for her dying mistress, while the band laces its finale with the inflammable spirit of the "Marseillaise."

Poor Gabrielle! Hers is an exacting part, which gives Miss Patricia Burke's promotion to stardom problems that less sterling gifts and trickier arts than hers might more readily have resolved. Talent and zest she has in abundance. She sings out, and is not disconcerted by the publicity of vaudeville dalliance. She has yet to master the tricks of plucking heartstrings with vaudeville fingers, and making the hearts throb to vaudeville sentiment.

Mr. Albert Lieven plays the German villain with rigid distinction; Mr. Jack Livesey is indubitably British as the diplomatic beau; and although his lines are cast in subsidiary places, Mr. Lawrence O'Madden delights us with his rich Hibernian brogue and the humours of a laconic, rather than onerous, part. But the show's outstanding feature, though of minor import, has a major artistic appeal. This is the incidental dancing of Alicia Halama and Czeslaw Konarski, whose teetotum rhapsody at the quayside festa is a brilliant exercise in delayed action and controlled technique that brings down the house.



Teetotum. Revolutions ad lib. by Alicia Halama and Czeslaw Konarski, formerly principal dancers of the Anglo-Polish ballet



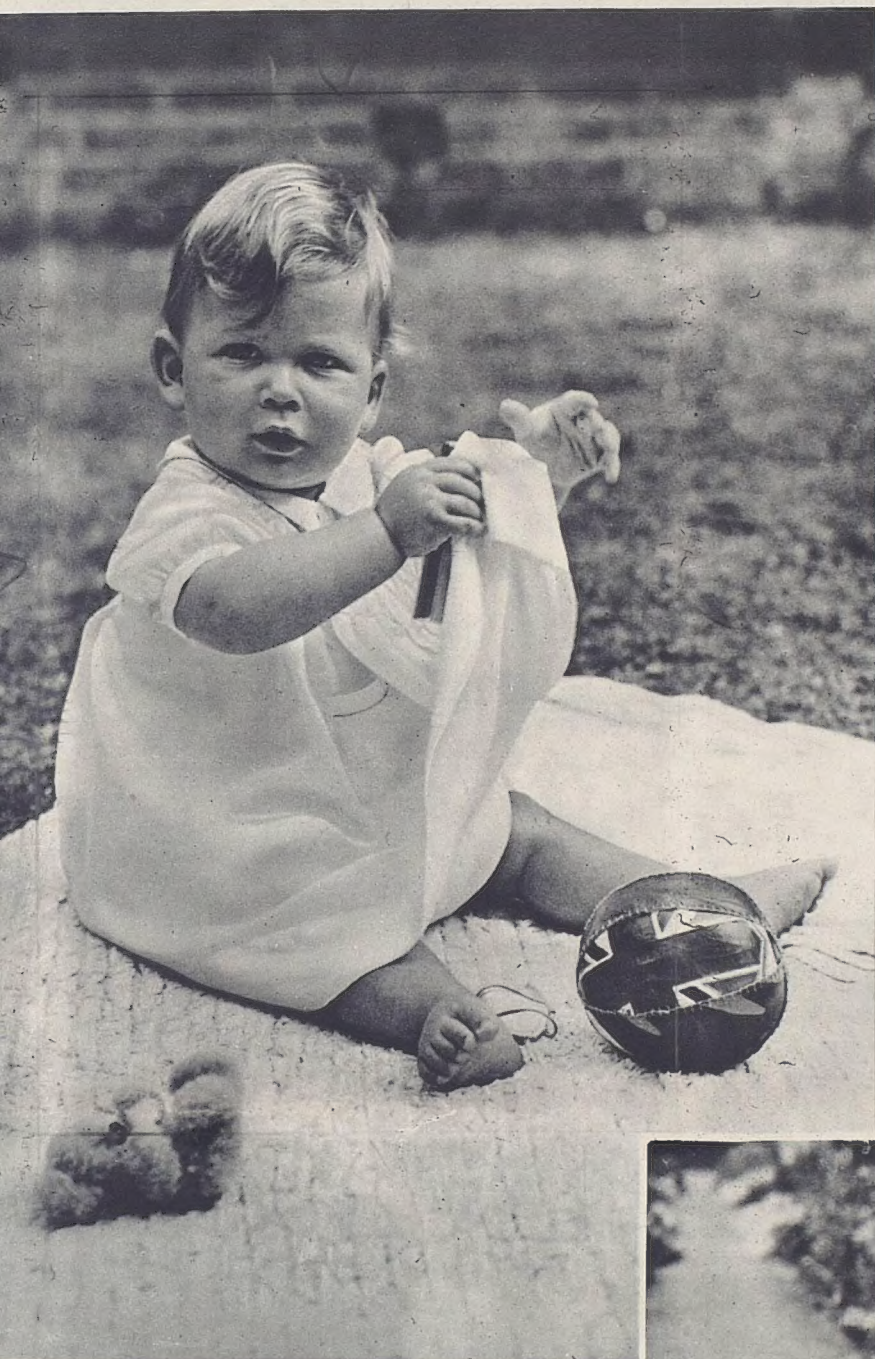
Sketches by Tom Titt

Left: British agent with Irish brogue (Lawrence O'Madden): heroine's girl friend (Nora Savage): four singing characters in the musical show put on for "Gay" in Paris—Joseph Dollinger, Kurt Wagener, Nora Savage, Eleanor Fayre



# A Birthday of Note

Prince Michael of Kent is One Year Old



*Prince Michael*

These recent pictures of the Duchess of Kent and her three children were taken in the garden of her home, Coppins, in Buckinghamshire. Prince Michael reached his first birthday on Sunday, July 4th. His elder brother, the Duke of Kent, and his sister, Princess Alexandra, were there to help him celebrate the auspicious occasion. His birthday falls on American Independence Day, and President Roosevelt is his godfather



*The Duchess of Kent and Her Younger Son*



*Congratulations from the Duke of Kent and Princess Alexandra*



# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Sword of Honour

ONE of the first things which the King asked about after his return from North Africa was the progress of work on the Sword of Honour for Stalingrad, the design for which he had approved just before he left London. Craftsmen are now getting well forward with the graceful, strong weapon and the symbolic scabbard ornamented with the royal arms and the four red stars, conceived by Mr. Reginald Morier Yorke Gleadowe, who is an international authority on silver design, as well as a former Slade Professor of Fine Art.

His Majesty and all the party who travelled with him look all the better for their stay in the African sun, and the King's normal tan has deepened several shades. Sir Alexander Hardinge, the Private Secretary, was not in the best of health when he left England, and the strenuous tour must have tried him; but Col. Sir Piers Legh, Master of the Household, Col. Dermot Kavanagh, the Crown Equerry, and G/Capt. E. H. ("Mouse") Fielden, Captain of the King's Flight, all look as though they have had a good holiday trip.

One of the matters which the Prime Minister discussed with the King as they drove together to Buckingham Palace from the airfield was the admirable way in which the Queen and the other Counsellors of State had performed their duties. Most of their work was necessarily done in private, but the one ceremonial function which Her Majesty carried out on behalf of the King, the Investiture at the Palace, when she decorated W/Cdr. Guy Gibson, V.C., and his comrades of the dam raids, was a revelation to most of those who saw her of how perfectly she can conduct a semi-State function on her own. For every single man and woman in the long list, the Queen had a word and a smile, and she chatted so long to several Scottish and Canadian heroes that the Investiture went on for considerably longer than usual.

### Ascot Again

THE midsummer meeting at Ascot was held, very suitably, in glorious sunshine. There was a very large attendance, even the earliest

trains from London being packed with racegoers, to say nothing of the fleets of bicycles, pony traps, drays and even farm-carts which have become so much a part of wartime race-day transport. Light-coloured, printed frocks were the order of the day, a particularly attractive yellow one being worn by Lady Anne Hunloke, who was talking to Major Cosmo Crawley. Mrs. Robin Filmer Wilson, who is now living at Woking with her three children, looked very fresh and cool in a white and navy print dress, and Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy's red frock struck a gay note.

Lord and Lady Sefton and Miss Monica Sheriffe were watching the racing with the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Cripps, who used to go so beautifully to hounds in the days when the Quorn and Pytchley were in full swing. Another hunting enthusiast present was Miss Effie Barker, who has been Master of the Garth Hounds for nearly ten years. Her hunting is now reduced to a bare minimum, and she is growing sufficient vegetables to feed a thousand people a day at a factory.

Lord Rosebery, who watched the races from the Royal Box, must have been especially delighted with his winner, a nice chestnut filly called Rhodesia, as she was trained by his step-daughter, the Duchess of Norfolk, who was present with the Duke to see her charge's success, and was bred by himself at Mentmore. The Duchess also trained the unplaced Glen Kingie for her father, Lord Belper.

### Among those Present . . .

LADY WEIGALL, who is such an integral part of any meeting at Ascot, was greeting many of her friends from her wheel-chair, which she had had placed below the Royal Box. All honour goes to another occupant of a wheel-chair, a legless American airman, who was pushed about the paddock by a W.A.A.F. officer. Col. Tom Draffen, who has been with the Eighth Army in both retreat and advance, was renewing acquaintance with many old friends. He is a fine polo player, and used to play for his regiment with the brothers Evelyn and George Fanshawe.



Actor and Actress

Francoise Rosay, the French actress, heroine of films "La Kermesse Heroïque" and "Carnet de Bal," recently arrived in London from North Africa. With her here is Tom Walls, behind the latest thing in beards

Lord Lovat, of Commando fame, who dearly loves to snatch a day's racing, was discussing the form with lovely Lady Petre, most of whose time is now spent working on her husband's farm and looking after their small son.

One of the few women to wear black, Mrs. Atty Persse, looked charming in her black dress and large white straw hat, and was talking to Lady Kenmare.

Lady Portman's many friends were delighted to see her racing again, the first time since Lord Portman's sad death at a very early age. She came with her sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmett, and Miss Mary Emmett, and had a runner in Solar Cygnet.

Miss Lucy Archer-Shee, who now works as a welder in a war factory, and whose brother, Lt. Philip Archer-Shee, recently married Miss Betty MacCaw, wore a lilac-coloured suit and was trying hard to back a winner. Tommy Rose, who held the record to the Cape and is now a test pilot for an aircraft factory, was another war worker to whom a day at the races makes it all worth while.

### More Racegoers

OTHERS seen during the day were Capt. George Drummond; Mr. Noel Cannon, fresh from his Oaks triumphs; the Hon. Dorothy Paget,



### Inspection by the Princess Royal

The Princess Royal recently visited Northumberland, where she inspected V.A.D.s and members of the Alnwick F.A.N.Y. unit. Above are Miss Williamson, Countess Grey (County Commandant of the British Red Cross), the Duchess of Northumberland, the Princess Royal, Viscountess Brackley and Miss Runciman



Victor Hey

### Awards for the Women's Land Army

The Countess of Feversham presented prizes of merit for efficiency to members of the Women's Land Army during Scarborough "Wings for Victory" Week. Lady Feversham is the daughter of Lord Halifax, British Ambassador in Washington. Lord Feversham, a captain in the Yorkshire Hussars, is now serving abroad





Mr. F. Bretherton sat between Gwen Catley and Florence Desmond, co-stars in "Hi-de-Hi" at the Palace Theatre, for which show Mr. Bretherton arranged the music



General Atapora and Viscountess Dunedin were neighbours at the tea-table. She is the widow of the first Viscount, who died last year, when the title became extinct



Mrs. Dudley Porter, Sir V. Alexander and Mrs. Reynolds Albertini (who was joint chairman) had tea together. The party was in aid of the Women's Adjustment Board and Theatre Committee

### Guests at the Theatre and Film Tea Party in London

who is on the crest of the racing wave this year; Mr. and Mrs. Denempoint, who have that good filly Capital Entry, bred by the late Lord Portman, in training with John Beary; Miss Diana Hastings; Gen. Turner, who manages Mrs. Macdonald Buchanan's stud; Brig.-Gen. "Kid" Kennedy; Sir Hugo and Lady Cunliffe-Owen; Capt. the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Wood; Lady de Trafford; Capt. and Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon; Mrs. Rudolph de Trafford; Miss Storeen Douglas Campbell; Mrs. Donald Standage; Col. Martin Alexander; Col. Heseltine, who is a brother of Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, and who is working in an aircraft factory; Lady Irene Clarke; Sir Anthony Weldon; Sir Oliver Lambert, who on one occasion in France found himself face to face with the Germans whilst driving a lorry full of boots, but turned it quickly round and eluded them; Mrs. Geoffrey Pease; Mr. Ambrose Congreve, whose lovely Irish home is in County Waterford; Major Alexander and lovely Mrs. Fulke Walwyn.

W/Cdr. Vivian Jackson, D.F.C., driven by Miss Leveson Gower, who hails from Vancouver, arrived at Ascot, but unfortunately too late to race. A person of many interests, ranging from owning a national newspaper to riding the Cresta Run and also in the Grand National, W/Cdr. Jackson often used to hunt with the

Croome hounds from Madresfield with the lovely Lygon sisters, all of whom are now on war work at home or abroad, Lady Dorothy being in the Middle East.

### Guests in Their Own House

It was almost like pre-war days to go to an evening party at the Polish Embassy, though this time it was not one given by the Ambassador and his attractive wife, but by the Presidents and Committee of the Anglo-Polish Society, and, in fact, Count and Countess Raczynski were guests in their own house! Nina Lady Granville and Lady George Cholmondeley were the actual hostesses, and Glinka, the Polish pianist, most selflessly played as a background for the talk of the crowd, none of whom paid much attention to his beautiful playing of Chopin and the *Blue Danube*, among other things . . . and he didn't seem to mind a bit! The Ambassador was in a lounge suit, and his wife in a short day frock; on the other hand, both Lady Granville and Lady George were in semi-evening dress; Capt. Plugge, M.P., and Sir Egerton Hamond-Graeme were among the men in dinner jackets, and Mrs. Eveleigh Nash was one of two or three other women wearing hats and day frocks. Most of the women, however, such as Lady Suenson-Taylor and

Kathleen Lady Domville, relied on "semi" and fur capes. The tall figure of Lady Bruntisfield was noticeable in a silver-fox jacket worn with a short afternoon dress; Lady Barnby, who came on from a cinema with Lord Barnby, was hatless, in a coat and skirt. Mrs. Richard Tauber wore her F.A.N.Y. uniform. Mrs. Washington Singer was among others there, and Lady Russell of Liverpool, Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie, Count Harry Larishch, Sir William and Lady Max-Muller, and Miss Elizabeth Luttrell, who acts as secretary to the Society, were in the throng in the big Chinese ballroom, which takes up a whole corner of the big Embassy in Portland Place.

### Factory Hands

LADY URSULA MANNERS, who by now will have been married in the chapel of the family seat at Belvoir Castle, was in London for a short visit. I ran into her in the street, though at first did not recognise her with her big dark glasses! She is now a "Wren," she told me, after three years in a factory, where she was supervising some very important works. Lady Cromer is now doing factory work, and is back in her London house in between whiles; Lady Moir is staying with her mother, Lady Royds, at Kingston, and goes to her factory work

(Concluded on page 24)



### A Foursome for Dinner at the Bagatelle

Capt. the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Cavendish were in a party one evening with Mr. and Mrs. D. Loder. Capt. Cavendish is Lord Chesham's only son, and his wife was Miss Mary Marshall before their marriage in 1937. Capt. Cavendish recently returned from the Middle East



### Dinner for Two

The Hon. Mrs. Weir was having dinner at the May Fair a short time ago with Mr. George Sava, the well-known author. He has written several novels, and one of his latest works is "A Tale of Seven Cities." Performing in the cabaret that night were Greta Gaye and Nelsa Nevard

Swaabe

Swaabe



# Living in the Country



The Hon. Mrs. Hendry and Michael Andrew

In 1941 the Hon. Elspeth Ironside, Field-Marshal Lord Ironside's only daughter, married Lt. Andrew Gilbert Hendry, Black Watch, only son of the late Andrew Hendry and Mrs. Hendry, of Gagie, Angus. They have a small son called Michael Andrew. Lord Ironside, who was Chief of the Imperial General Staff in 1939, and C-in-C. Home Forces in 1940, received a Barony in the 1941 New Year's Honours

Photographs by  
Compton Collier

Right: Mrs. Fielden, formerly Miss Angela Ramsden Jodrell, is the wife of G/Capt. Edward Hedley Fielden, M.V.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., R.A.F.V.R., Equerry and Captain of the King's Flight since 1936, and a former pilot to the Duke of Windsor, when Prince of Wales. Their son, Angus, is a godson of the King. G/Capt. Fielden was awarded the D.F.C. in April, and was officially cited as having "flown on various operational missions, some of which were of a most hazardous nature"



Mrs. George Hales and Her Sons

Mrs. Hales is the wife of the Rev. George F. Hales, Vicar of Netheravon, and was Miss Diana Shuttleworth before her marriage. Her husband was awarded the M.C. early this year, for magnificent courage and gallantry during the whole campaign from El Alamein to Tripoli, while serving with the 7th Armoured Division. He has now been made Senior Chaplain. Mrs. Hales was photographed at Netheravon with her family

Mrs. E. H. Fielden with Angus







*Sir Frank and Lady Sanderson With Their Children and Grandchildren*

Malling Deanery, Lewes, home of Sir Frank Sanderson, Bt., M.P., and Lady Sanderson, was the scene of this family gathering. On the left is Mr. Bryan Sanderson, R.N.V.R. (elder son), with his wife (formerly Annette Korab Laskowski) and their children, Frank and Merry; in the centre is Mrs. Gerald Donner (only daughter) with her children, John, Gillian and Rosita. On the right, in front of Sir Frank and Lady Sanderson, is Mrs. Derek Sanderson (younger son's wife) with her son and daughter



*Mrs. Denny and Her Children*

The wife of Lt. G. W. A. Denny, 17/21st Lancers, is running a farm of 300 acres, assisted by her elder sister, Mrs. Nickerson (also on this page). Her husband Lt. Denny, is the son of Major and Mrs. E. W. Denny, of Garboldesham Manor, Norfolk, and they have two children, Timothy and Lois Marcia



*Mrs. George Nickerson With David and Mark*

Right: Mrs. Nickerson, seen with her two sons, is living with her younger sister, Mrs. Denny. They are the daughters of the late Capt. Oswald Walker, killed in action in 1914, and of Mme. de Montespien. Mr. Nickerson is a son of the late George Nickerson, of Boston, and of the Hon. Lady Hood



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"LOCAL Boy Makes Good," the citizens of Braunau, on the Austro-German frontier, probably murmured between their teeth, among other things, when Adolf Hitler paid the old home-town that flying visit *en civil* recently.

Hitler's birthplace (April 20, 1889) apparently still lacks a votive tablet. The only modern dictator who has one so far—having moreover handed in his dinner-pail—is Kemal Ataturk, the Grey Wolf, whose tablet over the dingy little pottery-shop in Salonika Old Town is inscribed in French, Greek, and Turkish. Undoubtedly in ordinary circumstances Schickelgruber *père's* modest abode would become in due course a national shrine, furniture and all, on the lines of Napoleon's birthplace in the Rue St. Charles, Ajaccio. Not that the worshipper at Ajaccio is free from disillusion and the mocking of the gods. A slightly disappointing atmosphere hangs over it. Hardly any of the furniture belongs to 1769. The Casone Grotto, covered with devout inscriptions by Napoleon-addicts, never sheltered the daydreams as Charles Maurras has remarked, of the Infant Cæsar. Even the authenticity of the baptismal certificate in the town museum has been queried. However, the house is genuine and the tourist-trade in normal times is good and welcome, for the Corsican, unlike the Italian, is not frightfully crazy about work.

## Surprise

THE only great man's house, certified, from which we personally ever got a tiny but unmistakable thrill is Rabelais', on the corner of the Rue de la Lamproie at Chinon (Touraine). There's nothing wrong with this famous, quaint, typical, charming Renaissance house, one of many in that dear little old town, except that Rabelais lived on the site of No. 15, up the street, as you discover later by taking a little pains.

## Show

IF the haughty proconsular eyebrows of the Curzon statue in Carlton House Terrace seemed a trifle elevated the other day, it was probably our imagination, having just read that Sir Archibald Wavell economically intends to buy his Viceregal trappings from his predecessor in India, Lord Linlithgow.

An aged boulevardier recalled for us that day the Arabian Nights atmosphere of the Curzon Viceregal Durbar, that opulent, stupendous

Edwardian circus, with its serried ranks of jewelled elephants and gold palanquins and gold umbrellas and diamond hats and the Dear knows what and all, and the Viceroy borne in awful majesty like a Byzantine emperor. Rather Byzantine, that Durbar seems altogether to a modern eye; slightly vulgar, like Cecil B. de Mille's idea of Barnum's idea of Heaven. It suited Lord Curzon's somewhat insolent, petulant magnificence, which went with such admirable gifts of statesmanship and annoyed the Whitehall boys so much. He must have looked in that procession something like Justinian sweeping to the Hagia Sophia, or Basil II, the Bulgar-Slayer, celebrating a new massacre.



"Come on out from behind your hedgehog, Harold"

## Query

WHETHER the Byzantine Emperors invariably liked being enclosed daily in stiff cloth-of-gold and other gorgeous vestments, blazing with jewels even to their purple shoes, like Aztec idols, we're apt to doubt. Possibly they kept an old flannel dressing-gown in the wardrobe. Eight o'clock, Basileus, your Imperial Majesty, and shall I lay out the gold-with-diamonds or the silver-with-balas-rubies this morning? Oh my God, Nikias. Oh, my God.

## Feat

WHILE the "functional" R.I.B.A. boys and Les Folies-Corbusier Girls seem to be lying low at the moment, probably planning new horrors for the coming Servile State Utopia, a piece of sound craftsmanship just carried out amid all kinds of wartime odds seems to be worth pondering; namely the restoration at Bristol of the historic Theatre Royal (1764) by a Bristol architect, Mr. Ralph Edwards, F.R.I.B.A.

This gracious theatre is once more what it was when Mrs. Siddons and the Kembles and Keans and Macready knew it, including its chief glory, the beautiful painted Georgian ceiling, gilt and starry, which echoes every whisper from the stage (and we guess that on many a tense occasion *circa* 1790 the stage-manager remarked to the head scene-shifter "The old cow's tearing it up to-night" as the audiences of Bristol lay back with half-shattered eardrums). A few months ago the theatre was earmarked for sale and destruction, in accordance with the Island conviction that anything old and admirable not sold for a factory-site looks odd unless its ruins are full of owls and ivy. However, Bristol saved it, the restoration has been done with learned and loving skill, and any West of England drama-lover not afflicted with histrioclastrophobia (which, as we explained

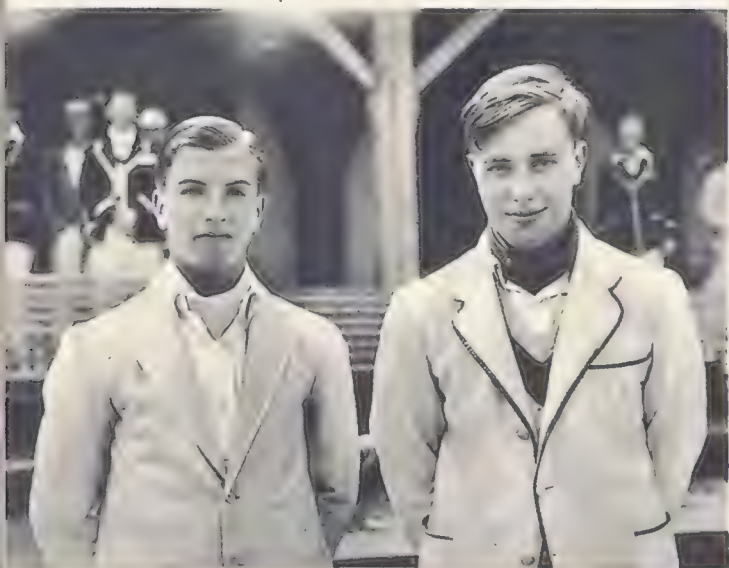
(Concluded on page 14)



"C'mon, I guess we better go saloot some poor clunk again"



# Eton v. Winchester



The captains of the opposing teams were W. G. Keighley (Eton) and G. H. G. Daggart (Winchester)

The cricket match between Eton and Winchester, played at Eton, ended in a draw, Eton being 37 runs behind with six wickets standing at the close of play. Winchester scored 216, owing largely to a useful innings by Hough, who knocked up 51 for the side before being bowled by Cory-Wright. The Eton batting was generally rather slow, only forty runs being produced during the first hour of the innings, for the loss of one wicket. Later, Keeling and Keighley (not out) put on 114 runs between them, bringing Eton's total score to 179 for 4 wickets



Air Vice-Marshal A. E. Borton watched the match with Mr. C. A. Elliott, Headmaster of Eton



Mr. E. Leveson Gower discussed events with J. B. Thursfield, a member of the Winchester XI.



Another Winchester player, C. H. McLeod, was escorting Miss Patricia Ashton and Mr. Gilbert Ashton



Lt.-Col. Harold Boyd Rochfort, was with Lady Annaly watching the match. He is an old Etonian



Sandy Callander, who played for Winchester, had his sister, Mrs. Shallock, Mr. H. Radcliffe and Mr. P. Martin with him



The Eton XI. Goes Out to Field



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

to you recently, is the fear of being trapped in an enclosed space with a lot of wild actors) has years more playgoing ahead in a unique atmosphere.

## Point

PURISTS would doubtless urge that the refined mumblings and electricity of the modern stage should give place in this house to the old-time roaring, stamping, and candle-light. Apropos this, we asked James ("Boss") Agate recently whether Mrs. Siddons nowadays would not appear a frightful ham. To which the Boss replied curtly that Mrs. Siddons nowadays would use modern technique. With a nose like that?

## Meeting

A RECENT remark by a chap on the air that the special correspondent Stanley, who found Livingstone in 1871, lacked charm to some extent, raises once more the age-old question: What did Livingstone really say when Stanley found him in the depths of the Bush?

We still have a strong feeling that Livingstone was quite happy and didn't want to be burst in upon by anybody, least of all by a journalist like Stanley. It would therefore follow (if you're attending closely) that some kind of harmless subterfuge might well have been employed by the venerable Doctor to choke Stanley off, rather gruffly. For example:

"Dr. Livingstone, I think?"

"My name is Elsie Granberry. Good morning."

On behalf of our soulmates the Fleet Street boys, we venture to assert that the sequel would have made a far better front-page "splash" news-story than the official one. Look:

MYSTERY BEARDED GIRL IN AMAZING AFRICAN BUSH DRAMA SENSATION. Lone £10,000 Special Correspondent Kicked by Elsie Granberry, Trousered Jungle Queen, Allegation.

6000 Natives Sing "Shipmates" as Elderly Fitness Girl Uses "Socks" Stanley As Alleged Dumb-Bell.

"I'LL TELL MY MUMS ON YOU!" —Whiskered Beauty's Alleged Cry As Baffled Discoverer Hits Home Trail.

The story would begin, as usual: "In a quiet country cottage near Burpington, Berks., last night, a silver-haired old mother sat weeping. . . ." Gosh, it gives us a lump in the throat to think of it.

## Visitor

NEWS that a whale was recently washed up on these shores must have reminded many admirers of big, briny women that in happier days the Channel Swimming Season would have been opening for both sexes about this time.

There was always pathos in it, for us. To begin with, any photograph of a large girl covered from head to foot with grease gives us a tiny pang. She looks forlorn; it doesn't seem to us that Life is yielding her its richest gifts. Most female Channel swimmers were photographed moreover with wide-open, grimacing, gasping mouths, threshing the bitter waves with mighty limbs and looking the reverse of chic. Close by were a lot of chaps in a boat, egging the poor girl on and maybe laughing cynically up their sleeve, well knowing that the average eligible Mayfair *parti* would as soon think of falling for a conger-eel. (Even members of the Bath Club, used to all the hazards of a watery life, looked down their noses, we believe.)



"All right! All right! Wait till I get my hook out"

Then there was the fact that a girl was not only large, greasy, and gasping, but cold. The conclusion reached by Byron, after swimming the Hellespont at a second attempt, was that a rapid tide, strong currents, and a north wind must have cooled Leander's passion to below zero on his way over to see his girl-friend at Abydos. The present Leander tie and ribbon ought to be blue.

## Footnote

ONE more unfortunate possibility was that currents might carry a girl Channel swimmer into the whalefisheries area of the Atlantic and people would harpoon her. Thar she blows, cap'n! Ay, ay. Ease her a p'int, you Jake. Ready with that thar gun, you Jed. Stand by to go about, you Rube. Steady! Now, Jed! . . . Got 'un! Oh lawksamussy, oh, my dear gracious, 'tis one o' they pesky jezebels agin! Up tops'l an' run, boys! Oh my dear land sakes!

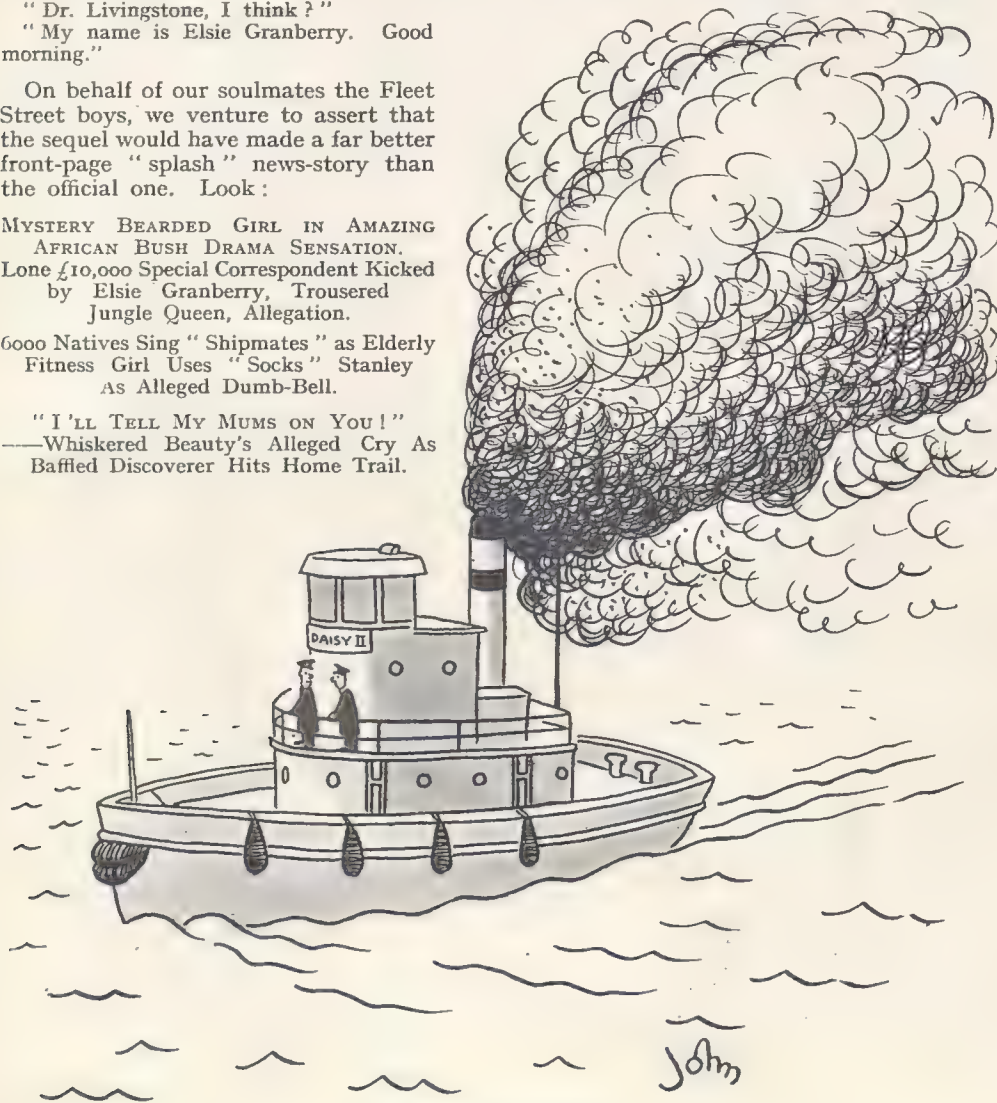
## Waggle

VISIONS of exquisite houris with burning kohl-darkened eyes performing intoxicating twirls and leaps and arabesques probably dazzled sensual *Times* readers when Auntie broke it to them the other day that the native labour companies in Algeria have their own dancing-girls attached for pay and rations.

Actually, a knowledgeable chap tells us, the native Algerian dancing-girl is the dullest kind of static hip-wagglers and her performance, which goes on monotonously for hours, is about as intoxicating as what you used to see any night at the Ritz and the Berkeley. She is more or less shapeless and voluminously clothed. Her pan, which is homely, is veiled. The accompaniment is endless soft drumming, with maybe a wavering melancholy flute. So much for the maddening lure of the East. As the eminent Edwardian moneylender Mr. Sam Levy said of Rome, you can 'ave it.

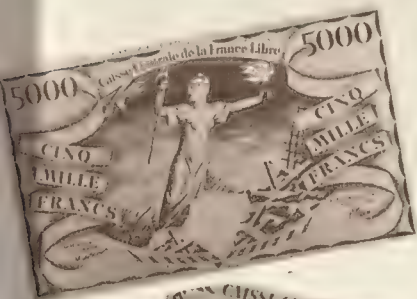
The only interesting Moorish dancing is that which the Spaniards adapted after the Reconquest and naturalised, such as the *baile sevillana*, which would give Auntie's little readers their basinfal of intoxication, maybe. Not that we would wish to pander to the exotic yearnings of *Times* readers, who would be better employed in pressing simple wildflowers for their herbarium or helping the Rector with his butterflies. Even then there's something unhealthy about that glitter in the eyes. . . .

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Mind if I smoke?"





## Edmund Dulac

Designs  
Fighting French  
Banknotes

*Edmund Dulac Examines  
One of His Designs*

*Photographs by Pictorial Press*



Born in Toulouse sixty-one years ago, Edmund Dulac was naturalised British in 1912. Besides portraits, caricatures and stage settings, this versatile artist is famous for his designs for medals and stamps, notably the 1937 Coronation Stamp and the King George VI. cameo portrait of current stamps. Books illustrated by Dulac include *The Arabian Nights*, *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, and *Edmund Dulac's Book for the French Red Cross*, published during the last war. His recent designs for the banknotes and postage stamps of Fighting France are extremely ornamental, and are symbolic of the French struggle for liberation. They are used in all territories under Fighting French administration

*One of the artist's hobbies is playing the nose-flute, a Polynesian instrument*



*Edmund Dulac and his wife (Helen Beauclerk, the novelist) live at Morcombelake, Devon*





## Airs and Graces: an English Voice and a Polish Partnership

Patricia Burke, Leading Lady, and Halama and Konarski, Dancers of Renown, are the Headlines of "The Lisbon Story"



Patricia Burke as "Gay" Girard

"Gay" is a Parisian star living in Lisbon during the German occupation



### The Heroine of "The Lisbon Story"

"Gay" yields to the Nazi Culture Chief's request to return to Paris, but only as a means to a patriotic end

● George Black's elaborate show at the Hippodrome is a novel cross between a topical melodrama and an operetta. *The Lisbon Story* isn't a musical comedy, because there are no comedians, the hero doesn't sing and the story is long and complicated and takes itself very seriously. Principal honours go to the leading lady and the dancers. Patricia Burke is an attractive heroine and a delightful singer; her father was Tom Burke the famous operatic and concert tenor, and her mother is Marie Burke the Drury Lane star. She played in Drinkwater's last play, *A Man's House* at the Malvern Festival and, by way of contrast, in Cochran's revue *The Big Top*. At seventeen she was principal boy in pantomime at Covent Garden, where both her parents sang in opera. Although the Portuguese festive dance and the ballet are interpolations, the dancing of Alicia Halama and Czeslaw Konarski has such quality and style that these pleasant diversions are among the show's chief attractions. Alicia Halama comes from a prominent Polish family, and is one of three lovely sisters who were famous dancers in Warsaw before the war. She and her partner, Czeslaw Konarski, toured Europe together, and eventually joined Jan Cobell's Anglo-Polish Ballet in London as principal dancers. *Cracow Wedding* and *The Dancing Woman*, with choreography by Konarski, were the chief productions of the repertoire.

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick





*Halama as "Piety" in the Ballet*



*Halama in the Portuguese Festival Dance*

**Distinguished Dancers: Alicia Halama and Czeslaw Konarski**



*Czeslaw Konarski and Alicia Halama do their Portuguese dance at the Festival, finally gyrating like a humming-top until the audience feel giddy*



*Piety encounters Evil. Halama and her partner in the ballet which forms part of "Gay's" new show at the Mogador Theatre, Paris*



# Mother and Daughter

Lady Errington and the Hon.  
Lana Baring



*Lana Takes a Look at  
Her Mamma*

Viscount Errington's charming young wife and small daughter, Lana, were photographed not long after Lana's christening on May 1st. Her godparents were Mr. Gavin Astor, Lady Elizabeth Scott, Lady Meyer, and her grandfather, Viscount Rothermere. Lady Errington is the younger of Lord Rothermere's two daughters, and was married to the Earl of Cromer's only son in January 1942. Her husband is a Captain in the Grenadier Guards. Lady Errington's elder sister, Lorna, married Mr. Neill Cooper-Key, Irish Guards, in 1941

*Photographs by  
Tunbridge-Sedgwick*



*Lady Errington with Her Husband's Dog*



*Lady Errington and Her Four-Months-Old Daughter*



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## The Lighter Side of Racing

ALL we "racing swine" are horribly shocked to hear from a leader in our esteemed friend *The Thunderer* how really bad this year's three-year-olds are, and the Official Handicapper will no doubt also stand aghast! That kind gentleman, who writes the Leg-Hauls in that stately journal just mentioned, said in his "last words" on the Derby: "For perhaps only five minutes in the year can any news refer to any subject but one. That five minutes occurs to-morrow afternoon. . . ." Really, Monsieur, bad as they may be, our Classic cracks do not take all that time, even with a head wind against them, to get 1½ miles. The other bit of light relief was provided by a B.B.C. gentleman, who told us that one of the runners had a white hock.

## "If Its and Ans . . ."

THERE are plenty of "pots and pans," and signs are not lacking that sooner, rather than later, some of them are going to boil over. The fire will be so hot that it is bound to burn a hole or two in some of the pots and there will be any amount of work for the "tinkers." The times are more than ordinarily unsettled, for no one outside the Inner Circle can possibly know when the whistle is going to be blown. How, in such circumstances, can anyone lay any plans ahead for even any of the commonplace affairs of life? Some people even dare not say "Yes" to a dinner or lunch invitation for the day after to-morrow, or for a show or a dance the day after that, and even those pleasant "country-house" cricket fixtures are not sitters; and as to racing, we were very lucky, I think, to get the Derby and Oaks over and done with without the clear-the-decks-for-action signal, and the stoppage of everything excepting the traffic of the ammunition. A good many of us know what happens at Base when the zero hour of an operation arrives. The one for which we are waiting is in such enormous depth that it is impossible even to

guess how far down the roots may reach. We know that our Unsinkable Aircraft-Carrier is only one cog in a very big wheel. So what use can it be doing an "Old Joe" act and telling the world that "Nasrullah is as good as he looks," or that "You wait and see what will happen when he condescends to try," because, if the great war-horns blow the advance, we may never see Nasrullah run again—and a darn good job too, say some of those who have lent an over-willing ear to all the ballyhoo. The only big noise at the moment is the squeal from Deutschland Unter Alles that war is unfair the moment Germany begins to get the bayonet between her ribs. This nasty din is certain to increase when we give the blade a twist and end up with "the haymakers' lift."

## "The Sellinger"

PROVIDED always as just hereinbefore said, what is now the best bet for the last of this season's classics? On a good rough reckoning we must believe that Ribbon wins it. Her jockey said that she lost ten lengths at the start of the Oaks. If she lost even two, that would give her a substantial margin to play with over all the rest of her age of both sexes. I am certain, as I have always been, that Straight Deal stays, but I believe that Ribbon stays even better. I think that we must forget his Guineas running. It was a very quick mile. The market took no notice of this fact, for the "Books" promptly proceeded to knock Miss Paget's candidate clean out, and he was ticketed a non-stayer. He recovered a little after the publication of the details of his winding-up gallop at Epsom over the full distance, but even then they did not credit Walter Nightingall with being conjurer enough to have had him at weights with Bravona, Egerius and First Edition, which would give him the answer he wanted. The trainer could have put Straight Deal at weights with First Edition alone that would have done this, and evidently he did. As to the Derby winner's immediate pursuers, it is



## A Well-Known Golfer

Above is Mrs. Wylie, formerly Phyllis Wade, English Golf Champion. She is the wife of Surg.-Capt. Wylie, O.B.E., R.N., serving as P.M.O. at Mombasa. She has a small son, Ian

comforting to have an oft-expressed opinion borne out. Umiddad is the better coupled of the Aga Khan's pair, and I have always thought that he looked more like a racehorse. I still do not believe that Nasrullah is fond of trying; on merit he could not have got any closer on the 19th: that he ran as generously as he did was a surprise. Kingsway? Very well ridden, I think we all agree, in view of the doubts which existed, though why I do not quite know, unless it was the lingering prejudice against the French blood: rather unjustified, for Bruleur won the Grand Prix (1 mile 7 furlongs) in 1913, and Ksar, Bruleur's son, won the French Derby in 1921. Ksar is the father of Kingsway's mama, Yenna, and she has Flying Fox on the dam's side. And yet there was this talk about the possible lack of stamina. Flying Fox, the 1899 Derby winner, was sold to the French. The one we have got to watch for the Leger, in my humble opinion, is Persian Gulf (by Bahram), who cut out the work so gallantly till about 100 yards from home. A very nice colt; and a big one—16'2. Straight Deal, incidentally, is only a little one—15'2½—but he

(Concluded on page 20)



## C.O. and Pupils of an R.A.F. Training Wing

Front row: P/O.s A. G. Hamilton, P. M. McConnell, W/Cdr. R. A. Barton, D.F.C. and Bar, P/O.s R. D. Scrase, C. Harries. Middle row: P/O. J. W. P. Draper, F/O. T. B. Hughes, P/O.s G. E. Brooke-Turner, L. J. Appleton, M. Donaldson, Sgts. G. L. Ellsworth, T. F. Collerton. Back row: Sgts. L. A. Taylor, R. S. Campbell, J. A. Horgan, P/O. P. S. S. Dunning, Sgts. J. P. Sillitoe, B. G. Leigh

D. R. Stuart



## Capt. Julian Amery

Olive Snell did this drawing of the Secretary of State for India's youngest son. Capt. Amery has had many adventures during the war, in Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Turkey and Rumania



# Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

has grand bone—8½—as good as all the marn moths in the race. Where he is best is that he is so well let-down, as also is Kingsway. However, at the moment we cannot know whether any of our ideas about anything are going to be put to the test.

## A Leger Betting Forecast

At the time of going to press, no date for the Leger has been published in the *Racing Calendar*, for a very good and sufficient reason, for it must, as I take it, wait upon the date fixed for a much Bigger Race. Likewise, of course, no definite market has been established. In the meanwhile, however, I have had a pow-wow with that astute appraiser, Mr. William Hill, the famous Genius of the Ring, and here is what he thinks the market may look like when it does take shape: 7 to 1 Straight Deal; 8 to 1 Ribbon, Umiddad, Persian Gulf, Merchant Navy; 10 to 1 Why Hurry; 100 to 8 Nasrullah, Tropical Sun, Kingsway; 20 to 1 Pink Flower. This, I think, is a pretty fair handicap. I've only one suggestion to make, and it is that I think Ribbon will beat the whole fleet of them, and I suggest that the Oaks form supports this, for if that filly had not been so badly crossed by Noontide when the tapes went up, she must have won comfortably. Put it at two lengths. I do not believe that any of this year's three-year-olds can give Ribbon 6 lb.

The fact that half-a-dozen of them are placed so close together in this forecast is justified, if the Derby and Oaks form can be taken at its face value. I suggest that that might lead us astray. The Oaks running has already been commented upon. As to the Derby, I think Straight Deal's and Umiddad's running was obviously honest (*vide* the Dewhurst form), for they were then one and the same thing. I do not, however, believe that Nasrullah would have won the Derby if he had not been "rolled into," as his friends suggest. I do not think he has much stomach for war. The time for the Oaks was 2 min. 33½ sec., that for the Derby 2 min. 30½ sec., and as the going was the same on both days, this is a fairly good guide, but for one thing. Ribbon is a very small filly, and being put out of her stride, as she was, could easily account for the 3½ seconds difference. I think that the Leger may be a close thing between her and Straight Deal, wherever they finish, and that the 3 lb. will tip the scale in her favour. The extra quarter of a mile, as it now is, instead of the real 1 mile 6 furlongs and 132 yards at Doncaster, will always remain the incalculable factor where the Derby and the Leger are concerned. Persian Gulf is a big baby, and he may be much more grown-up on Leger day.

## Epsom Downs

It was no overstatement of fact when Walter I. Nightingall, trainer of Straight Deal and many other good ones, said that if the ploughing-up of the Middle Hill and Six-Mile Gallops were proceeded with it will mean the wiping out of the principal industry of the famous town. If they take these away from the Epsom trainers there is nothing left, bar, perhaps, the race-course itself. If they ploughed up the Limekilns at Newmarket that would be a very severe loss, but not a fatal one such as will be Epsom's if the Surrey War Agricultural Executive Committee is determined to carry out this appropriation. Everyone—and the racing community as much, and perhaps even more than most—knows that a great war demands great sacrifices, but there is always a middle way, and in this present case it is surely desirable that it should be found and so avert taking away the livelihood of so many people.

## PRISONERS OF WAR.

On June 2nd we published a picture of officers at Ofag IV, including W/Cdr. Bader, who sent the photograph home to his wife. Mrs. Bader will be glad to identify any particular officer as soon as the list of names is received from her husband. Her address is Red Wells, Ascot.



## Cricket at Lord's: Oxford Draws with Cambridge

Oxford's opening batsmen were A. R. Jenkins and J. D. Cairns. Oxford's score stood at 202 when their ninth wicket fell, with insufficient time for their last man to go in

J. R. Bridger and J. B. Marriott opened the Cambridge batting, and made runs at a fine pace. Cambridge scored 289 for 5 wickets before declaring, leaving Oxford 3½ hours before close of play



## "Some More Out of the Bag": by "The Tout"

Mr. G. H. Dawkins has been owning horses for many years, and is one of Dawson Waugh's oldest patrons. The well-known handicapper Ti-Chin runs in the colours of Mrs. Dawkins, who also owns a half-share in Response. Air Vice-Marshal N. K. MacEwen, a keen sportsman, likes a day's racing now and again. Once more the Derby has eluded "Gordon," who looked like doing the trick at long last on Nasrullah. Tommy Carey, on the other hand, who can hardly do wrong this season, rode the race of his life when getting Miss Paget's colt home ahead in the big event at Headquarters last month. Tom Walls has adopted a temporary beard (for professional purposes) and came to Newmarket wearing it. Sir Ulick Alexander, Keeper of the King's Privy Purse, was present to see his Majesty's Putting Green returned a winner on the July Course last month





## Boxing Day in the A.T.C.

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

Cadets of the Air Training Corps, the nursery of the R.A.F., must be "mentally alert and physically fit," and boxing is one of the chosen means to this desirable end. The A.T.C. Boxing Association was formed last October, with a representative for each of the ten Commands, and affiliated to the Amateur Boxing Association. A series of tournaments between squadrons, counties and Commands wound up in a blaze of glory at the Albert Hall last month, when the champions of the North met the champions of the South in the A.T.C. National Finals. There were the winners of the Southern (the "Silver Wings" Tournament promoted by the *Star*) and "Northern Wings" championships who had done battle earlier in the day. Top price was a guinea for the best ringside seat and proceeds went to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund and the A.T.C. Welfare Fund. Our artist records the crowded scene, in which even Air Marshals might well quail before the vigour of the fireworks



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Love Letters

At least once—and ideally only once—in a lifetime almost every man and woman takes up the pen, and adds (unconsciously, because unself-consciously) to the primary literature of the world: love letters. It must be said that all love letters are not great. One blushes, on behalf of the human race, at many that come to be read aloud in court—though it is cruel that they should be read aloud. Apart from their striking fatuities, such as baby-talk, bad love letters shock one: they can be monuments of self-deception, weakness or egotism.

Yet, bad—or, I should rather say, discreditable—love letters are by no means always written by bad people; while letters that are undeniably great may spring from the pens of those that Society must condemn. For instance, the letters of Mrs. Thompson to Frederick Bywaters, showing the course of the passion for which, in the end, this couple paid with their lives, are for moral reasons not at all to be praised—and, moreover, show an inhuman callousness with which the ultimate murder is quite in tone. All the same, though Mrs. Thompson sometimes borrowed her phrases from second-rate novels got from suburban libraries, her feeling was of that relentless and major kind that belongs to an Elizabethan play, or some dark, great page of Renaissance history—and the letters are, therefore, literature.

For a sustained love-correspondence there is always one reason—the absence of the two people from one another—and very often another: some obstacle to the love. The obstacle may be sheer circumstance—war, lack of money, the world's opposition—or it may be honour, in one or another form. The obstacle (whatever may be its nature) and the absence are two thorns, to be borne with as much courage, in as gallant a spirit, as the man and woman can summon up. At the same time, through the correspondence runs the joint plan and hope—to demolish the absence, to ride the obstacle down: no lover is, at bottom, ever resigned. . . . Again, love-letters have always this characteristic: the words almost break under the strain of the undue weight of having to substitute for so many other things. Inevitably, they are too often written at the height of the fever set up by absence. Love letters—this is their danger—matter too much, at once to the writer and to the reader. Some phrase used innocently, with the most loving intention, may set up an agonising misunderstanding.

## Professors in Love

ALL this leads up to my recommending to you a remarkable set of love letters that I have just read: *An Academic Courtship: Letters of Alice Freeman and George Herbert Palmer, 1886-1887* (Harvard University Press,

distributed in England by the Oxford University Press at 16s. 6d.). The title may suggest a sobriety, an intellectual primness which, as five minutes' reading will show, are totally out of accord with the book's contents. You might be led to expect high-minded sentiments, remote from life and trimmed with classical tags. These you will not find. Instead, you find vehemence that makes you catch your breath. . . . This man and woman would be called Victorians, but that they were American. Their ways were set in two quiet New England college towns. George Henry Palmer, middle-aged and a widower, was professor of philosophy at Harvard; Alice Freeman, aged thirty-two when the correspondence begins, was President of Wellesley College for women. Both were busy; and both, up to the time of their meeting, had thought of themselves as entirely settled people. It would not, therefore, be incorrect to say that passion took this couple by storm.

From Wellesley to Harvard it was certainly not more than two hours journey. Yet how rarely, and at the cost of what cautious planning, the lovers met! Each of them—but she particularly—were in honour-bound to defer to a number of other claims. Absence, as a factor in love, has to be rated by the intensity by which it is felt, not by the number of miles that condition it. And the obstacle? They were both, technically, free: why did they not



Sir Thomas and Lady Beecham

Sir Thomas Beecham, the famous conductor, seen here with his wife, recently published his first book, "Mingled Chimes." Sir Thomas and Lady Beecham were married in New York a few months ago. She was Miss Betty Humble, the pianist, who has often appeared at concerts with him

immediately marry? Alice Freeman thought it wrong to desert Wellesley—the college was still in the making; there were battles to fight; the higher education of women was far from being, by then, an accepted thing—and George Palmer (one feels, very rightly) refused to hang up his hat there as the President's husband. His respect for her scruples shows itself infinite: here was a man far in advance of his day in his sense of the worth of a woman's work. At the same time, he must watch his beloved and brilliant Alice being worn to shreds in the course of college routine—600 women made up the Wellesley community, and each of these had the right to demands on her. A lesser man would have cried: "That damned pack of women!"—and even George's impatience does once or twice break through.

## "Loved I not Honour more"

THOSE were the days of high-souled renunciations—and one can perceive, now, that a number of people got a sort of morbid kick out of them. There was a moment when George and Alice considered giving each other up. Or, at least, she did—but he refused. He writes:

So I could not say to you in the woods, what seemed to offer at the moment escape from our perplexities, "let us know we love and let us see no more of one another. . . ." We should be refusing the only kind of strength that is any longer open to us, and we should carry away a beautiful feeling which in the long run would prove a weakening poison. I don't want a beautiful feeling. I want you.

There were times—for she was very much a woman—of anguishing loneliness for her, of times when she was preyed upon by the feeling that there is a sort of fatality against love: "So quick bright things come to confusion." And for him there was, though he controls it, always the latent feeling that, had she loved him wholly, nothing else could have

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# CARAVAN CAUSERIE

"YESTERDAY there was a queue right round the corner!"

By Richard King

declared the middle-aged shopper to her companion in a tone partly disappointed, and partly proud that she had been a member of the longer "dreariness." "I had to queue up for two hours last Saturday," she continued, as one who had valiantly fought in a major battle and come through in triumph; "and then I could only get a pound of hake!" There followed between them a long discussion on food in general, past queues each had known, Cousin Ada's new baby, local scandal, Charley-in-hospital, Ernie-in-the-Middle East, headache-powders and hats. And, of course—neighbours! Indeed, they were both so engrossed in their chattering that they failed to pass forward as the queue shortened. Nor were they prodded from behind. The rest of the queue was too busily occupied in talking over the same things.

A "matey" morning was being enjoyed by all. More spacious in its surroundings than an hour's chin-wag over the garden wall. With the conscientious advantage, too, of being forced upon them by circumstances and in a good cause! Whereat experience gave me the conclusion that the vast majority of women love queues, and the longer they are, always providing that the major length is behind them, the prouder they become. It enables them to condense idle gossip into startling "news" and, in discussion, to reclothe themselves for next summer out of last summer's remnants.

By which it would appear that the world is now divided between queue-lovers and queue-loathers—among the latter of which I count myself. Indeed, for me, one of the minor vexations of war is the time wasted—waiting. Waiting for buses, trains, food and friends; waiting in shops and restaurants, and post-offices; waiting for news or simply—waiting! A small affliction I know; but, then, they are always the small afflictions which play havoc in the long run with everyday life. No heroism is required to endure them, but they fray the spirit's temper—because nobody cares. Love and friendship are rarely ended by quarrels, misunderstandings, soul-shattering disillusion or blows. At least, if they are, there is a chance that the journey may end in lovers-reunion. Two hearts fall asunder because of irritating habits scarcely worth a protest. Usually the result ends in nagging—and nagging is the beginning of the end of love, whether it takes the form of fussing or bossing, or just plain nagging. They are the little outwardly unimportant things which divide human beings. Where true love is, sorrow can be, a seal; but where one suffers from "wind" and too proudly displays the tempest, then the stoutest heart-rock can be undermined. Indeed, when one considers the endless tact which is required for two people to live together, it is not surprising that many of them—can't! Not inwardly, I mean—which is all that makes love and friendship beautiful beyond Time.





Cruickshank — Kissane

Mr. C. G. Cruickshank, son of the late Mr. C. G. Cruickshank, and Mrs. Cruickshank, G. L. Cruickshank, married Mairé of Fyvie, Aberdeenshire, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Kissane, of Mayfield, Roisin Kissane, daughter of Mayfield, Mrs. Kissane, at the Brompton Oratory, Sale, Cheshire.



Dennehy — Stafford-King-Harman

Capt. George H. Dennehy, Irish Guards, second son of the late Mr. G. H. Dennehy, and of Mrs. Dennehy, of Ballymanus, Stadbally, Queen's County, married Cicely Joan Stafford-King-Harman, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. Sir Cecil and Lady Stafford-King-Harman, of Rockingham, Boyle, Eire, at the Brompton Oratory



Lang — Monk

Paymaster-Lt. W. N. Dashwood Lang, R.N.V.R., elder son of the late Mr. A. B. Dashwood Lang and Mrs. Lang, of Bluehayes, Gerrards Cross, and Instow, Devon, married Joan Monk, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Monk, of Johannesburg

## Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Knollys — Warren

Lt. Courtenay Hugh Knollys, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Knollys, of Turleigh Croft, Bradford-on-Avon, Wills., married Cicely Warren, daughter of the late Mr. J. G. H. Warren, and of Mrs. Warren, of Richmond Place, Bath, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Lane — Wright

Capt. Peter Lane, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, of Canada, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lane, married Joy Wright, only daughter of Mr. Stanley Wright and Mrs. J. Hindmarsh, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, S.W.



Ring — Ashmole

Mr. Peter Alexander Ring, son of Mr. J. Ring, of 24 Abingdon Road, Finchley, and the late Mrs. Ring, married Stella Muriel Ashmole, daughter of W/Cdr. (Professor) Bernard and Mrs. Ashmole, of High and Over, Amersham, Bucks, at St. Mary's Church, Amersham



Heath — Hale

Mr. Ernest A. J. Heath, of Salcombe, Bushey Heath, Herts., married Gladys Hale, youngest daughter of the late Rev. A. M. Hale, of British Guiana, and of Mrs. E. S. Hale, of 19, Porchester Square, W.2, at Holy Trinity, Bayswater



Hastings — Geddes

Dr. William Hastings, of The White House, Crowborough, married Muriel Geddes, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Geddes, of Liverpool, and Worth, at Felbridge Church, East Grinstead



Oakley — Dudley-Brown

Paymr.-Lt. George Eric Oakley, R.N.V.R., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. Oakley, of Kingsbury, married Margaret Dudley-Brown, only child of the Rev. and Mrs. L. D. Dudley-Brown, of Stone Rectory, Greenhithe, Kent, at St. Mary's Church, Stone



## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 9)

regularly, too. Lady Barbara Bevan is up at 5 a.m. for her factory work, as her children are away in the U.S.A., though returning shortly. Lady Malcolm is still another factory worker, and so are young marrieds like Lady Grenfell and Lady Loder, whose hands, when I last saw her, were delicately adorned by sticking-plaster, testifying to the rough work she had been doing.

## Tea-Party

THE Theatre and Film Tea Party at Grosvenor House must be reckoned a great success. There was a first-rate cabaret, including as it did the brilliant singing of Gwen Catley and the exquisite mimicry of Florence Desmond. The joint chairmen had a long table for their guests, and Mrs. Reynolds Albertini presided, but unfortunately Lady (Henry) Pownall was not well enough to come. Lady Winifred Elwes was sitting at it, and so were Dr. and Mrs. Gordon Moore (she is honorary treasurer) and Lady Dunedin. Hostesses included Mrs. Frank D'Arcy, with a party, who had Lord and Lady Monkswell at her table, Lady Suenson-Taylor (one of the vice-presidents), Mrs. Warren Pearl (also a vice-president), Lady Courtney Ellie, Lady MacMahon and Mrs. Weisweiler were others to be seen. The handsome figure of Julia Neilson was a reminder of past theatrical glories, and her daughter, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, was in charge of the Fun Fair, while Lady Playfair was responsible for the cabaret. A goodly sum must have been raised to alleviate unemployment in the theatre by providing funds for aiding existing repertory companies and the Women's Adjustment Board.

## Guards' Chapel Wedding

MISS ELIZABETH PEYTON's wedding to Capt. John Nigel Bingham took place at the Guards' Chapel, and afterwards there was a reception at 6, Stanhope Gate, when her parents, Sir Algernon and Lady Peyton, greeted friends and relatives. The bride was wearing a silver brocade dress which had belonged to her grandmother, and had a full veil of tulle falling from a coronet of orange-blossom. Dr. Clive Upjohn, the best man, proposed their health, and the groom, in responding, simply said "Thank you very much. It was very nice of you to come"—an admirably short and suitable speech. The bride's elder sister, Miss Delia Peyton, who is to be married at the end of the month, was there, and so was the groom's sister, Miss Rachel Bingham; they are both "Wrens."

## London on Sunday

WARTIME conditions have dealt a death-blow to the sacred English week-end, and London on a Sunday nowadays is a far cry from the deserted city of former times. Seen out on a recent Sunday evening were Sir Richard and Lady Sykes, dining with Mr. and Mrs. Michael Beary and Miss Elizabeth Chase. Lady Sykes is fair and willowy, and, like her husband, is lucky in having many and very varied interests, ranging from music and travel to racing and farming.

Others dining were Major "Jakie" Astor and Mrs. Michael Gilliland, and in another party, Lady Ravensdale. Lady Jane Nelson was having a cocktail with Major Hennessy, cousin of the late Lady James Douglas, owner of Gainsborough, and also of Mr. James Hennessy of racing and brandy fame, and owner of Lutteur III., the only five-year-old to win the Grand National to date, ridden by that super-horseman George Parfumo and trained by George Batchelor, the famous trainer, who escaped from France and is now living at Epsom.



Old Vic Players at an Embassy Reception

The Soviet Ambassador received members of the Old Vic Company, appearing in Konstantin Simonov's new play, "The Russians," at the Soviet Embassy. Here we see M. Maisky, with Tyrone Guthrie, producer of "The Russians," Freda Jackson, and Michael Golden, who are playing the leading roles

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 22)

mattered. There could be no doubt that she valued her Wellesley power, her position like to that of a virgin queen. Once he writes:

Sometimes I think it would not make you glad to see the obstacles to our life together removed. I doubt if that joined life of ours plays much part in your thoughts. I am a shadowy being who has lent a romance to your life. In my presence you like to forget all realities and live in the rapturous moment. But the feeling gone, hard facts are waiting, and they do not include me.

But querulousness plays no part, and doubt little, in the letters of either George or Alice. At his house in the country they had days in the pinewoods, evenings beside the log fire or in empty, moonlit rooms. For many months, secrecy gave their love that particular rapture of being apart from the world. And the remembered rapture burns in the letters. The secret must not break till the proper moment—therefore, their innocent, if very passionate, courtship was conducted under all the conditions of an "affair." George found his attention wandering from the fellow-professor who dropped in to discuss Homer—"There is but one thought now—Alice, Alice, Alice—" And, "there was the diversion of pausing after some intricate criticism of Hobbes to pick off from my coat a long brown hair that glistened gold in the light." There is the awful time when she is away in Michigan and he does not hear from her for a week: "Don't do it again, Alice. I may go crazy."

For those who love "period" atmosphere, these letters of the eighteen-eighties will be a delight. Some details have a Louisa M. Alcott flavour. But the outstanding thing, to my mind, about *An Academic Courtship*, is that it is, in feeling, so very contemporary. What is written here could not ring more true than it does to-day—to-day, when so, so many people who are so much in love are so far apart, when duty seems to war against personal happiness, when one must bear separations that hardly are to be borne. . . . One is grateful to the Oxford Press for making this book available to the English reader.

## Terrible Youth

WHO should not dread youth's brilliant, unsparing eye? What person, of any imagination, does not quail, sometimes, at what may be going on inside the apparently shy and vulnerable adolescent? Happily for the peace of the rest of the world, few adolescents take up an effective pen, and few writers, once they have ceased to be adolescent, can recall that first burning sharpness of impressions and thoughts. I do not know the real age, in this present year, of Denton Welch, author of *Maiden Voyage* (Routledge; 10s. 6d.), but to all intents and purposes he remains sixteen—a sixteen of errant genius, sophisticated shyness and fanciful aberration, the sixteen of the "I" of *Maiden Voyage*.

One meets many books, these days, in which the ordinary imagination is applying itself to extraordinary events. In this book an extraordinary imagination is applying itself to ordinary events. Here we have autobiography in the form—and, I must say, the faultless form—of a novel. Denton decides to give school (Repton) a miss; so, instead of joining the school train at the end of the holidays, makes for another terminus, to spend some days, outwardly tamely, in respectable A.A. hotels in Salisbury and Exeter. Money gives out; he goes back to face the music—which is not, all things considered, so very loud. Persuaded by his family to return to school, he does so; we get an account of what proves his last term—for his father, given to think by the escapade, writes for Denton to join him out in Shanghai.

The time is pre-war. Therefore, the voyage out would be refreshingly normal—did Denton see anything as normal. In Shanghai his headquarters are his father's comfortable, prosaic flat, high up in a block in the British concession. He makes friends with a charming, vague American family; and, in particular, with the elder daughter. Shanghai society finds him an *enfant terrible*, for which, in fairness, it can be hardly blamed. He makes an expedition into the interior with one, Mr. Butler, his father's business colleague. He roves some quarters of Shanghai more freely than is approved, learns to box, dresses up in girl's clothes, gives a soldier too much of his father's whisky, and at last (though not in bad odour) sails for England again. . . . Each incident casts a light on, but also receives light from, the temperament of the writer. The effect of sensuous vividness is extreme. The Introduction to *Maiden Voyage* is by Miss Edith Sitwell.

## Fashion and History

IF the word "luxury" were not, at present, in disrepute, one might call the "King Penguin" Series a luxury by-product of Penguin Books, Ltd., who are putting these exquisite little books in the market at the very low price of 2s. each. The production of the "King Penguins" is a delight, and, for war-time, almost a miracle. . . . The first I have come on is *Fashions and Fashion-Plates: 1800-1900*. Sixteen plates, reproduced in colour from their originals, remind one that, up to not long ago, fashion-drawing was one of the fine arts. The "Introduction" consists of a learned and witty essay on Fashion in general, and nineteenth-century fashions in particular, by James Laver. The effects on fashion of history, art, philosophy and outstanding personalities are shown. There is not a sentence that does not give one to think. For instance, Mr. Laver remarks: "It is a curious fact that great social upheavals and the periods which immediately follow them (e.g., French Revolution and the first World War) always tend to displace the waist, making it either very high or extremely low. When things are settling down again, the waist sinks or rises to its proper place." So far, during this war, the waist-line has remained normal. May one hope that this is a good sign?





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## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

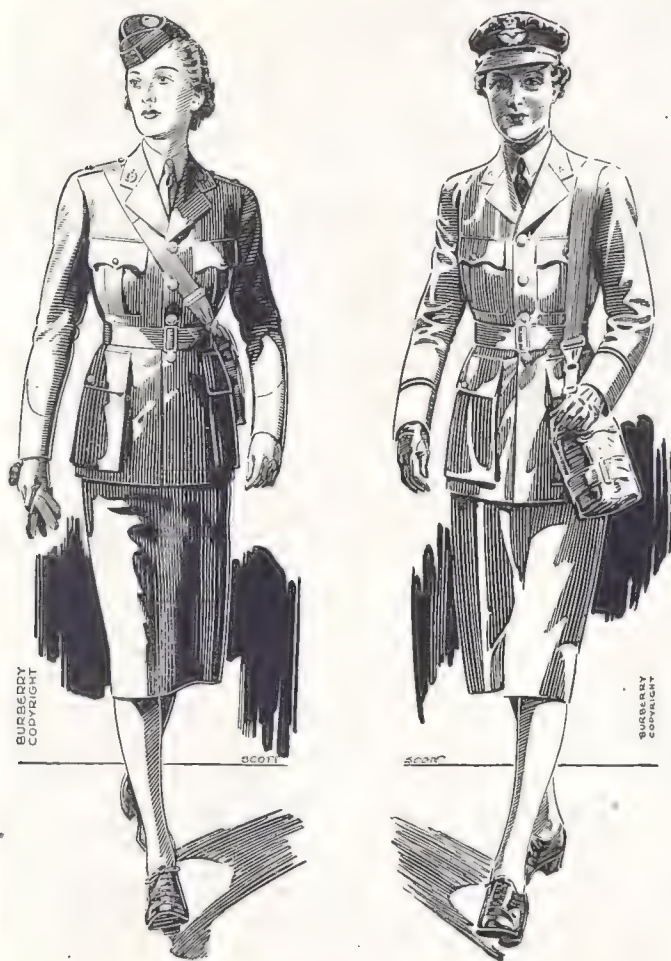
BY M. E. BROOKE

Hats to suit every type of face and every occasion may be studied at Finnigans, New Bond Street. Those seen on this page are included in this collection. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that more often than not the trimming is arranged so that it can be varied from time to time. The model at the top of the page on the left is carried out in coarse navy straw, the semi-wreath being composed of blue and white petersham. As will be seen, it is very attractive, as it casts becoming shadows across the face. Below it on the left is a model that is reminiscent of the time-honoured tam-o'-shanter. It is made of fancy straw in various pastel shades, a telling touch of colour being introduced in the bow which alights on the crown. Naturally, the veil increases its charm. Last but not the least attractive of the trio is of ice-blue straw enriched with feather pads. Now here is a splendid piece of news: this firm is making a feature of cashmere twin sets, cardigans and pullovers; it seems almost unnecessary to add that the number is limited

The tweed tailored suits at Libertys, Regent Street, are cleverly cut, therefore flattering to the figure. Many of the coats are lined, which is a great advantage, and the skirts are a comfortable walking length, the movements of the wearer never being hampered. The suit pictured on this page consists of a skirt and coat, the blouse being a separate affair reinforced with a turnover collar. There are many variations on this theme, all of which will remain undated indefinitely. Never has there been a more pronounced vogue for the "odd" jacket, available in many woolly fabrics. Some are semi-fitting, while others fall loosely from the shoulders. It is worth remembering that there are odd skirts which harmonise with the coats. For the warm weather there is a wealth of choice in striped and plain cotton shirts, while others are patterned to suggest tweed. It must not be forgotten that Libertys are very successful with frocks for the little people, wet-weather raiment not being overlooked







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# BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

**T**wo Swiss business men, interned in Japan, protested to a Japanese official, who smiled apologetically and explained: "I realize that you are neutrals. But you are neutral enemies."

"What do you consider the British and the Americans?" asked the Swiss.

"They," snapped the Japanese, "are belligerent enemies."

"What about the Germans and Italians?"

"Oh, they are friendly enemies," the Nipponese statesman replied.

**A** NEGRO woman after a disastrous experience with a husband vowed she'd have no more truck with men folks. When, shortly afterwards, she turned up married, her mistress exclaimed: "But Lizzie, you haven't known this man very long!"

"No'm," she answered, "but I figgered if I waited any longer I might fin' out sompin' 'bout him!"

**A** SOVIET official tells of meeting two American millionaires who had been to Russia before the present war and who were most enthusiastic. They were particularly impressed by two Soviet gentlemen with whom they had played poker quite a bit and who also had taught them many lovely native songs. While the games were going on, the Russians used to sing dreamily. The Americans memorised the tunes, and even the Russian words of these songs. They also lost about five thousand dollars in the games.

The Soviet official politely asked the Americans to sing the songs. The Americans did, chanting the Russian words. Then, smiling grimly, the official translated the folk songs. They went something like this:—

"I have two pairs—queens and jacks."

"Well, I have three aces. Let's keep on raising."



"My Sister's a Corporal, too"

**O**NCE upon a time a man got up early on Sunday morning to take the milk in, and not being able to find his bathrobe he slipped on his wife's kimono. When he opened the door he was greeted with a nice big kiss by the milkman. And the only way he could figure it out was that the milkman's wife had a kimono just like the one he had on.

**A**N air raid was in progress and people were filing into the public shelter, and among them was an old man. In one hand he carried a long-handled shovel to deal with incendiaries, and under the other arm he had an old-fashioned harp, presumably for entertainment.

"Lumme!" said one shelterer to another, "there's a fellow who's backed himself both ways."

**Y**OUNG Private Jones slunk on to the parade ground ten minutes late.

The sergeant glared, then said, with sarcasm: "So you have decided to come to parade. We were afraid you had signed separate peace!"

**H**ERE is a story from America:—

The hill-billy opened a grocery store in the backwoods, and someone talked him into installing a phone on the premises. The mountaineer had never heard of a telephone nor of the purpose it serves. He put it in only because people told him it was the right thing to do.

A few days later, the service man was around to check up.

"Is your phone all right?" he asked the hill-billy.

"Guess it is now," drawled the new grocer. "At first, it used to ring an awful lot—but durn soon fixed that."

The phone man sensed something wrong.

"What did you do?" he inquired.

"Wal," countered the hill-billy, "whut you do when it rings?"

"I lift up the receiver," said the telephone man.

The hill-billy chuckled.

"I had a better idea," he cried proudly. "I took a hammer and smashed the bell!"

"**L**END me five pounds, old man," said the first man.

"Lending," said the second man, sententiously, "often spoils friendship, and ours is worth more than five pounds."

"All right, make it ten, then."

"**A**ND what is the child's name?" asked the minister.

"Shirley," replied the father.

"Shirley?"

"Yes, sir, after the famous Shirley Temple."

"Yes, yes, of course," said the minister. "Let me see, who's the preacher there now?"

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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Bang Goes B.O.A.

ALL monopolies are bad, but some are worse than others—and the worse ones are the Government monopolies. I was glad to see this fact of life recognised in that admirable report on *The Future of British Air Transport*, which has been got out by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors.

It is worth trying to find out why it is that a normal person can correspond with a private business in a normal and reasonably polite manner—whether the business be concerned with the making of aeroplanes or with their operation—but that no normal person can correspond with a Government department—whether it is concerned with the control of those who make planes or the control of those who operate aeroplanes—without wanting to rush downstairs and kick the cat.

My own impression is that the reason correspondence with a Government department awakes the worst passions is that the organisation is both monopolistic and disembodied.

All Government officials are, by definition, obstructive idiots; but Mr. Quill, Government official, may be a charming and intelligent person. But when he corresponds with the public he takes enormous pains to conceal the fact that he is Mr. Quill, or anybody.

All of which makes me support in the strongest terms I can the conclusions of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors about monopolies, and Government control. When they declare that the single state-subsidized monopoly system should be abolished I am sorry for B.O.A., but glad for the future of British aviation.

## Complexities

THERE are, of course, things which this 27-page book issued by the Society does not make clear. There are things in the whole business of aero-carriage which are as yet clear to nobody because they have to be allowed to mature with the passing days.

But as a stimulus to thought, and as a guide on general principles, I do recommend this book. It comes

after two other committee reports on civil aviation, both containing useful matter, but I think it is superior to the other two as showing a more careful analysis.

I wish it had tackled the philosophic side—though if it had, it would undoubtedly have been accused of woolliness. But I cannot help feeling anxious about the effects which an intense aviation will have upon the amenities of Britain.

We are not a country which understands pleasure or pleasing things. We tend always to turn everything to gloom and drabness. The British railway station is a monument to the British outlook; drab, dreary and besmirching.

Let us guard against ever letting our airports go the same way—and Croydon was tending in that direction when war came. Let us appoint a few talented Frenchmen to the post of controllers of amenities at our airports and give them the power to keep the barbarous British in order.

The alternative is to grow things in every part of the airport where natural growth is possible without interfering with the operation of aircraft. Trees, flowers, grass—all these make for good looks and the promotion of pleasing emotions.

## International

ON one thing *The Future of British Air Transport* hedges a little, and that is the international aspect. One of its declarations is: "That within a framework devised to prevent armed aggression there should be as much freedom of operation as possible."

With the latter part of that declaration most people will agree, but it brings us back to the old problem which is essentially the air problem, of how armed aggression is going to be prevented when there is freedom of air passage.

Some people have suggested that there has been too much talk lately about post-war civil aviation problems, but although I am opposed to diverting material effort from the war, I feel that discussions which



At a Recent Investiture

Sq./Ldr. Partridge, who already holds the D.F.C. and bar, received the D.S.O. at an investiture recently held at Buckingham Palace. Under his ribbons can be seen the Pathfinders' Badge

help to elucidate matters are desirable. There is usually a need for many arguments and many talks before opinion tends to sift out and so the greater number of informed views that can be thrown now into the centrifuge, the better.

## Tactical Air Force

I SEE that Brigadier-General Laurence S. Kuter, Deputy Commander of the Tactical Air Force of the North-West African Air Forces, has been telling a newspaper that the concept of the successful air-ground organisation the Allies achieved can be traced back to June, 1940.

At that time the Royal Air Force was opposed to a large powerful and modern Italian Air Force in Libya. And the Royal Air Force at that time, and in that place, had not more than a handful of obsolescent aircraft. The Italians dispersed their air units and, therefore, their air effort, while we held ours together as an air force and contrived to gain the fullest possible effect from it.

General Kuter was the American Deputy Commander and came under Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham. The Anglo-American Tactical Air Force was, therefore, the expression in action of experience gained by the R.A.F. earlier in the campaign.

The air and ground commanders lived and worked side by side. It was this arrangement that eventually solved one of the great puzzles of the war, that of obtaining and holding airfields while at the same time obtaining and holding the air above them.

In Malaya the method had not been discovered, and could not be put into practice, with the result that there was anxiety about our methods of aerodrome defence. Then came the R.A.F. Regiment, now one of the finest regiments, which did magnificent work in Tunisia.

Men of the R.A.F. Regiment were among the first to go into Bizerta, and they took in all some 3,000 prisoners. Their training, which I had the opportunity to learn something about, is extremely drastic and hard. The regiment has certainly proved a big success.

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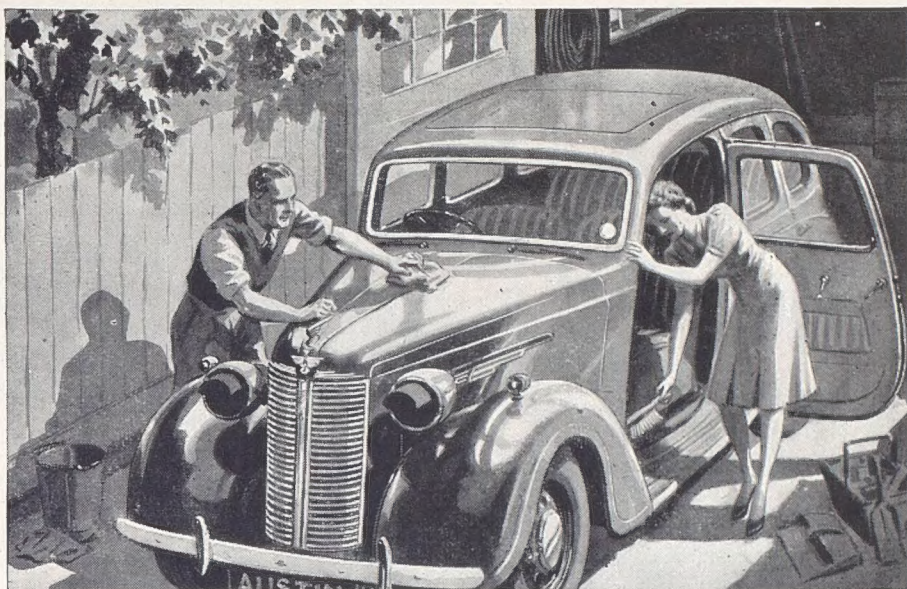
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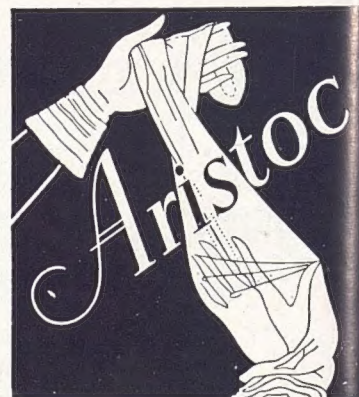
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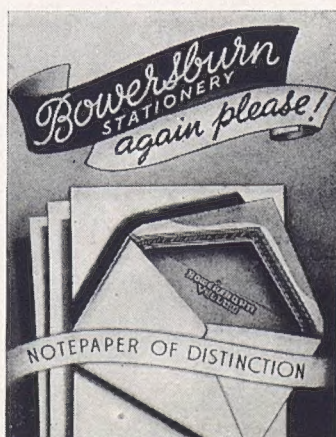
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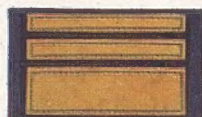


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